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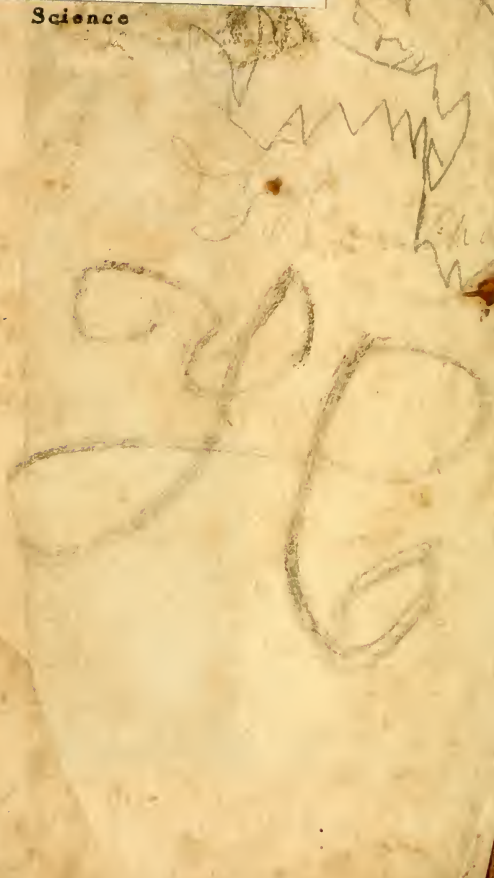
BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES,
AND B. H. GREENE.
1832.

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AMERICAN
MORAL TALES,

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE 'TALISMAN,' 'LESSONS
WITHOUT BOOKS,' &c.

(Catharine Maria Sedgwick)


BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES,
AND B. H. GREENE.
1832.

**Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1832,
by Leonard C. Bowles, in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of Massachusetts.**

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DAYS OF SICKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'TALISMAN.'

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DAYS OF SICKNESS.

One morning about twelve o'clock, Robert Arnold came running upstairs to his mother's room, calling out before he was half way up (as it was his habit to do) 'mother, mother, where are you?'

His mother answered, 'here, my son, do not call so loud.'

Robert. Has Lucy come home?

Mrs A. Yes.

R. Where is she? is she ready? you know you said we might go out together this morning after school and buy our printing press if it was fair, and I am sure it is a very fine day.

Mrs A. I am sorry to disappoint you, Robert, but Lucy is ill; she came home an hour before school was done; there she is on the sofa.

Lucy. But my head does not ache so much now, and perhaps walking out may make me feel better.

Mrs A. You told me that walking home increased your headach. You are not better, Lucy, although I dare say the excitement of seeing Robert makes you for the moment forget your indisposition.

L. (Gets up.) I do feel better indeed, because I am rested by lying down: it is but a short walk, and when I come home I will lie down again; and you know I promised to go.

R. Yes, mother, and you know *you* promised we should go, and if you do not let us, you will break your promise.

Mrs A. It sometimes happens that we cannot keep our promises.

R. But we must keep them, or we shall do very wrong, for you know the psalm mother—‘ And though he promised to his cost, He makes his promise good.’

Mrs A. We ought certainly to keep our promise if possible; and therefore we should be cautious about making such as it may be difficult or improper for us to keep. When

circumstances occur to prevent us which we could not have foreseen, we are excusable.

R. Well, mother, if you do not keep this promise you need not make me any more, because you know I cannot trust to them.

Mrs A. You never knew me to break a promise, which I could keep with propriety. I believe I must appeal to your own sense of right in this instance. Do you not think that since it is so bad a thing to break promises, and I cannot keep mine now without endangering Lucy's health, you ought to release me from it? This will be doing right, which gives a feeling worth all the printing-presses in the world. Come, Robert, will you not release me?

R. Yes mother, I will.

Mrs A. I am much pleased with you, my son. You have relinquished your own selfish desires for the good of another. It delights me to see you improving in the habit of self-control; to give up our desires from a sense that it is not right to indulge them, is self-control there is no power worth so much as this. I am willing you should go by yourself and buy the printing-press and bring it home. Lucy

will be able to play with you a little I hope.

R. O I cannot go without Lucy. You know we have both saved up our money together to buy it, and she must choose as well as I.

Mrs A. Then bring it for her to see before you conclude the bargain, and if she does not like your choice you can exchange it; so that difficulty is removed.

R. But there is another; Lucy said she would ask for it when we get into the shop, and she would inquire the price, and if we did not like the one handed us she would ask to see another, and if there were only two sets of types she would tell the shopkeeper we wanted one with four sets, for we cannot print much unless we have more than two alphabets.—

Mrs A. Why cannot you say all this yourself? you seem to have got it pretty well by heart.

R. Yes, to say to you, but I do not like to speak to a stranger, and I never know how to begin, but Lucy always can, and she knows just what to say.

Mrs A. I think it is time you made some effort to overcome this bashfulness, and this is a good opportunity.

R. Do let me wait till tomorrow and then I hope Lucy can go.

Mrs A. I will if you prefer it, but I am afraid Lucy will be no better tomorrow, I think she is going to have the measles because several children of her school are sick with it.

R. O dear, that is too bad; I wonder what good the measles do! You always say mother, that everything is ordered for some good end, but I am sure there is no good in sickness; is there, Lucy?

Lucy. (hesitatingly.) Yes there must be; is it not to teach us patience, mother, do not you think it takes a great deal of patience to be sick?

Mrs A. Yes, patience is one of the lessons taught by suffering, and many others not less valuable: if Lucy is going to be sick, I hope she will not suffer in vain, but learn these important lessons, and then she will perceive that our heavenly Father who knows far better than ourselves what is best for us, never afflicts us but for our good.

R. I hope Lucy is not going to be sick mother, and I know almost she is not, for she

is sitting up and looks quite well now, and I think she might go out without danger.

Mrs A. It will require many trials, I fear, to teach you patience, Robert, but I must not expect too much of one of your irritable temperament. I am sure that if you really believed it would make Lucy worse to go out with you, you would prefer she should remain at home, for you are an affectionate boy and love your sister better than you do your toys, even new ones——

R. I should, if I could only believe so.

Mrs A. You must allow me to be the judge of that.

L. I wish we had the printing press this afternoon, because it is a holyday and Robert would be at home to play with me.

Mrs A. If Robert wishes to get it now, and will accept of me as a substitute for yourself, I will go with him to buy it. What do you say to this proposal, Robert?

R. I should like to go with you mother, for I wish to have it this afternoon.

Mrs A. Come along, then, there is no time to lose.

Robert and his mother were absent about an hour, when the street door was thrown violently open, and Robert ran up the stairs as fast as the heavy parcel he held in his hand would permit, and called out, Lucy, Lucy, here it is.

Mrs A. Hush, hush, Robert perhaps Lucy is asleep.

R. (stops). O! I forgot. I will open the door very softly mother, and just look in.—Her eyes are open, she is awake.

L. Come in, I am not asleep.

R. I am glad, Lucy, you could not go, that is I am glad mother went, for we have purchased a bigger one and a better one than we should if only you and I had gone for it.

L. How? did mother give you more money?

R. You shall hear. First we went, you know to Miss N. as you and I agreed; she had sold all hers but one which was not complete, though it was a large one, and she said she would let us have it cheap. I wanted to take it, but mother said she should prefer one that was perfect if she could find it.—Miss N. said she should have some more in the next arrivals from Germany, but that would not be this af-

ternoon, so we went to another toy shop in Cornhill.

L. I am sorry you did not get it at Miss N's. because I like her.

R. So do I the best of all the toy shops.

Mrs A. The best of all those who keep toy shops, I suppose you mean. Miss N. is not a shop.

R. (laughing.) No indeed.

Mrs A. Be careful to express yourself correctly that you may form the habit early, and then your conversation will not be inelegant or unintelligible. I beg your pardon for interrupting you.

R. The man was obliging also in the next shop we went to, and showed us a number of presses. Mother thought some too small, others too dear.

Lucy. How dear *were* they.

R. there was one grand one for five dollars, and we had but two, you know.

Lucy. Well, what then?

R. Then mother said she would be obliged to him to look once more and see if

he had not one between these sizes; which he did, and at last he found one. You will see when I open it what an excellent one it is. This was \$2 50. Mother said she would give me the half dollar, and she said she would send to the type foundry and buy us some more types. There are only four alphabets, two large and two small, and some figures and stops.

Lucy. Come, let me see it.

R. (opens the paper in what the press is wrapped)—Now look, this is the drawer for the types : it will hold a great many more. Here is another drawer; in it is a little cup of ink, we can get more at the printers' when this is used up.

L. What are these two little round cushions, with such cunning handles?

R. These are daubers.

L. Daubers, what are they?

R. Things to put the ink on to the types when they are set. I shall show you.

This is the box to set the types in, and a cross piece, just where we want it, with a screw to keep them steady.

L. what is this long twisted stick at the top?

R. That is the screw, to make it press, that is, as mother said, to produce the pressure. Now I will print something, may I mother.

Mrs A. Yes, get some paper and a little water, for the paper must be damp when you print it.

R. Yes, you know how wet the newspaper is; I have to dry it every morning.

L. And you have heard people say 'wet from the press'. Come, begin.

Mrs A. My dear Lucy, your cheek is very much flushed, you are not able to bear this excitement. Robert, you must put away the press for the present.

L. He need not if he will take it into the parlor and play by himself.

R. No, I had rather wait till you can play with me. Dont you think she will be able after dinner, mother?

Mrs A. Perhaps so, but first she must take some medicine and lie down quietly.

Lucy did as her mother wished, and in a few hours awaked much refreshed. Her brother was called and the press again brought out.

R. I will call for the letters, and you shall

hand them, Lucy.—Let me see, what shall I print? I will print my name. No I will print your name, Lucy Arnold. First, L, there it is in that row; all the great letters are by themselves, and all the small ones. Now u. No, not great U, little u, or do you wish it to be all in capitals.'

L. No, only the initials.

R. What sort of letters are those?

L. Dont you know? the first letter of each word. *R.* A. are your initials.

R. O yes. I have R. A. on some of my clothes instead of my whole name; but now I have a press, I shall mark everything with my whole name; you know little Joseph Carter marked a set of napkins very neatly for his mother, with his press.—Come, give me little u.

L. Here are all the letters; how quickly I have found them. Although they look upside down, or some how wrong.

R. That is done to make them come right on the paper like the letters on mamma's seal. She told me that they were cut wrong but look right when an impression is made, because they are reversed. Now I have it all set, I will screw it up steady, so that the letters can-

not be moved by the press. Put some ink on the daubers and give them to me.

Mrs A. Take this little brush; do not ink your fingers or clothes. Printers' ink makes a stain that cannot be washed out. I hope this press will assist you in forming habits of neatness.

R. I will be very careful, mother. There is ink enough, Lucy; now look at me, I have seen the printers daub it on, first one hand, then the other. Their hands go so fast, one can hardly see them.

Mrs A. A method has been invented lately of inking the types by machinery, which does the work much faster. I will take you and Lucy to see the hydrostatic press.

R. I wish you would, mother, but I should prefer putting on the ink myself, for I like that part of the business. Now the types are ready,—where is the paper?

Mrs A. That ought to be ready prepared. Wet it, and wipe off the water with a cloth, which will leave it just damp enough.

R. Give it to me if you please. See--- I lay it on the types as they are set—then an-

other piece of paper over to keep the types from pressing through. 'Then I place it under this flat board and turn the screw, till it presses very hard. Now I will turn the screw back and you shall see your own name, Miss Lucy Arnold, printed by your own brother.—Here it is. But do look at it!

L. What is the matter?—it is not my name, here is d, little d, first.

R. It is all backwards—Lucy Arnold backwards. How could that be? It is right on the types. You can read it, mother; what makes it come wrong on the paper?

Mrs A. Take the types as they are now set. Place a bit of paper on them. Observe where the d at the end of your name comes; is it not at the left hand, where the beginning ought to be?

R. O yes, I see now how it is; the name should be spelled backwards with the types and then it will come right on the paper.

L. Like your seal, mother, because the impression is reversed.

R. Do printers always have to spell backwards?

Mrs. A. Their types seem to be set in that way. I am surprised that you did not observe this when you visited them.

R. I did not go very near to the press. You told us, mother, that you wished us to buy a printing press because it would teach us to spell, but you do not want us to learn to spell backwards.

Mrs. A. No—printers do not spell backwards; they put the letters upside down. Take a piece of paper printed on but one side. Hold it up to the window, with the beginning of the page down, and the printed side from you. Now read it, commencing at the bottom. The letters and words appear as the types do to the printer.

R. O mother! look at Lucy; while we have been talking she has laid down. She looks very pale. Mother, she is fainting. Ring the bell.

Mrs. A. I will not wait, but run for some water myself.

Lucy was indeed more ill than she had confessed, and the interest she had taken in the new press had quite exhausted her. Her mother requested Robert to leave the room, drew the window curtain, and after Lucy had

been revived by suitable applications, sat down quietly by her bed and would not allow any one else to come near her,—for she was well aware, that children are as easily fatigued by noise and confusion when they are sick, as older persons, although they do not always know what it is that worries them.

Mrs Arnold sent for a physician; he told her Lucy's symptoms were like those of the measles, and he hoped the eruption would appear the next day.—He gave her some composing medicine, which he said was all he wished to have done that night. This Doctor was a very kind man, particularly to children. Lucy was fond of him, and it was but a day or two before that she had said, how long it is since Doctor B. has been here. I believe I must get a little sick, that mother may send for him. Mrs Arnold reminded Lucy of this when he came in. 'O dear,' she exclaimed, 'I did not wish to be so ill as I am now; can't you give me something, Doctor, that will cure me to night?'

'I can give you something, he replied, that will relieve you, and as I hope enable you to sleep, but not cure you quite so soon. You are such a

patient little girl however, that I can cure you much sooner than I could some children. I visit one little girl with the measles, who has cried so much because her head ached, and because she was required to take medicine, and because she was not allowed to eat a bit of cake which an injudicious friend brought her, that I fear her eyes will be almost ruined. You must remember Lucy, that the measles is a disease which affects the eyes, and refrain from crying, and even from reading, if you have it.

‘Not read,’ said Lucy. ‘Shall I have to lie in bed all the day and not read?’

‘I fear so,’ answered Doctor B. ‘at least, for some days.’

‘Can I draw, or sew Dr.?’

‘No, I shall not allow you to use your eyes at all, if you have the measles, even if they are not (as is generally the case) much inflamed; but your mother will find some way of amusing and employing your mind, if your eyes and hands are idle. Good night. I hope to see you as red as a scarlet-bean-blossom tomorrow!’

Lucy had a less comfortable night than the Doctor had anticipated; her mother hardly closed her eyes; but when morning came the measles did not appear, and Lucy was much worse. When the Doctor saw her, he said he had no doubt of the disease, and should like to have a warm bath tried. 'Mother,' said Lucy, 'I wish you would not, I can't bear a warm bath.' 'Lucy,' said the Doctor, 'as you are a reasonable child I trust your mother will be able to persuade you to take it willingly, as it would otherwise be less beneficial. Pray why do you dislike a bath?

Lucy. I feel so sick I can't move; and it frightens me to go into the water.

Dr. As to your moving, you shall not have that trouble, for your mother will have you moved in very gently, and you know there can be no danger in your lying in a tub of warm water with your mother sitting by your side; you will allow that it is foolish to be frightened when there is no danger.

Lucy. I do not think it will do me any good to take a warm bath.

Dr. Now who my dear Lucy, do you sup-

pose is the best judge of this matter, you who never saw any one with the measles, or myself who see a dozen or more every day?' Lucy made no farther objections but took the bath so tranquilly that it had the desired effect. The next morning she began to feel less distressed, still however she was very ill, and her mother left her scarcely a moment, and afforded her every alleviation in her power; and was so very tender and kind, that Lucy experienced a pleasure in her presence that almost charmed away her suffering. 'Dear mother,' said Lucy, 'it takes more patience to be sick than I thought it would. Do you think I have been patient?'

'Yes,' answered her mother, 'as much so as could be expected from a little girl of your age, and this has no doubt alleviated your distresses.'

Lucy. I have tried to be so, for I remembered what you said the other day; that you hoped I should not suffer in vain, but learn patience by my sickness.

Mrs Arnold. You ought certainly to endeavor to learn since it is God who is teach-

ing you the lesson. He is a kind Father and designs our good in every thing that happens to us; and we ought not by our willfulness to frustrate his design.

Lucy. Cannot God do every thing he pleases?

Mrs Arnold. Yes, he is all powerful.

Lucy. How then can we hinder his making us good when he chooses?

Mrs Arnold. He has ordained that our virtue should be voluntary, that is, depend in some degree on ourselves. God has given us a capacity for virtue, and all the assistance and encouragement requisite, but has left it to ourselves to determine whether we will be good or not. However much we may admire virtue we cannot secure it without constant effort, and the help of our Heavenly Father, which if we pray for sincerely we shall be sure to obtain. Therefore my dear Lucy you must keep in mind, that although it is sometimes very hard to do what you know you ought to do, as for instance, to be patient while you are sick, yet that you can do it, if you try, and that you will suffer the misery of self reproach

and consciousness of the displeasure of God if you do not. Have you learned no other lesson by your sickness? the lesson of kindness for instance.

Lucy. Why, mother, it is you who have learned that; you have been kinder to me than when I am well.

Mrs Arnold. The lesson was designed for me no less than for yourself; but I wish you to reflect how acceptable my kindness is to you, and when you have sick friends, and still more when you know of any one who is sick without friends, do all in your power for their comfort and relief.

Lucy. O mother, I shall always be kind to sick persons: if Robert has the measles I will do every thing for him.

Mrs Arnold. You see now the value of friends; they enhance our enjoyments, but how much more can they alleviate our sufferings! And who gave us our friends, Lucy?

L. I know mother no one but God could give such good gifts.

Mrs A. Then my dear child learn above all other lessons, that of gratitude to God, for

this and every good gift. And since even a weak imperfect child like yourself can thus perceive the advantages of suffering in your own case, learn to feel a perfect reliance on this wisdom and goodness even in cases when this advantage is not apparent. This feeling of reliance to God is faith, it is a never failing support to the religious mind in the severest trials.

Perhaps this conversation may be dull to some of my young readers, who are not in the habit of talking on such subjects with their parents and friends: but I can assure them it was not so to Lucy, who often conversed with her mother in this way, and had thus acquired a power of affection and an interest in various subjects certainly uncommon at her age. Lucy loved God for his goodness to herself and to all the creatures he has made. Her ideas of his wisdom and power, though imperfect and sometimes vague, were sufficient to excite the sentiments of reverence and piety in her mind. This was a long night to Lucy. If she fell asleep her cough soon awakened her; her mother was so anxious that she did not go to bed, but laid down by Lucy's side, ready to rise whenever she was needed.

Children generally are not aware how much fatigue and anxiety their mothers endure for them especially when they are ill, but Lucy had reflected on this and she told her mother she wished she would go to bed. 'I can call you,' said she, 'if I want any thing;' but her mother answered, 'not to night, Lucy. I can lie down tomorrow and get as much sleep as I require.'

Thursday morning came and Mrs Arnold found her daughter but little relieved. The Doctor arrived, and said she was very ill. He directed some new applications and ordered her to be kept very quiet.

After he was gone Lucy said, 'I wish, mother, you could read to me, but I suppose the room is too dark.'

'I fear it is,' said her mother, 'as my eyes are not strong.'

'I have very unpleasant thoughts,' said Lucy. 'I wish something could drive them away.'

'What thoughts my dear?'

'All sorts of ugly shapes and creatures, and then I think that I am falling down, and then that it is all a dream, but I have not been asleep.'

Do sit close by me,' said Lucy, with a very distressed look and tone.

Her mother perceived that a slight attack of delirium not unfrequent with her children when they were feverish, was coming on, and she felt it to be important to soothe and tranquillize her mind. She had intended to call the maid to sit by Lucy, while she laid down; but she deferred doing this, and seating herself by the bed took Lucy's hand, kissed her burning cheek, and said, 'shall I tell you a story, Lucy?'

'Do, mother.'—Mrs Arnold endeavored to find something which would not call forth much thought or feeling, but only gently engage the imagination of her sick child; and upon the spur of the occasion related the following.

THE DISCONTENTED CAT.

There was once an old woman, who lived on the edge of a wood by the road side. It was an unfrequented place, though not very far from the village. This old woman was fond

of a solitary life, seldom went to the village, and rarely saw any one at her hut, or passing her door.

She had one son, now grown up to be a man, and he was a sailor. Whenever he arrived from his voyages, if it was at any port near enough for him to visit his mother, he always went to see her, and carried her some little present. Once in the stormy month of November, his ship was cast away on our own coast, and several of the sailors lost their lives. The old woman's son, (whose name was Thomas) was preserved; he was thrown by the waves on a rock which was near the shore, and being a good swimmer, as soon as he recovered his strength sufficiently, he swam to the land, and when nearly exhausted reached it, and was barely able to crawl up a little way on the sand, and then laid down quite overcome, and fell asleep. He slept for a long time, he did not know how long when he awaked, till looking up, he observed that the sun was setting, and remembered that it was near noon when he was cast away. He could not tell where he was, nor did he at first call to mind the dreadful scene through which he had passed. He felt something soft on his

cheek, and perceived a kitten, which had snuggled down close to his face while he slept, to keep herself warm. He now recollected that the last thing he saw when he was leaping from the rock on which he had been thrown was this kitten, (which was born on board the ship) struggling in the waves, and he had a strong desire to save it, but he knew that he must give all his strength to reach the shore, so he left the kitten to her fate. She, as he now found, had followed him and landed safely like himself. Thomas, who was a kind-hearted man, rejoiced to see the kitten alive, and taking her up in his arms, said, 'I will carry you home to mother; I have lost everything, and this is the only present I can make her.'

The little kitten felt very happy and comfortable in Thomas' arms, but she could not like him experience the thankfulness with which Thomas' heart was filled, when he reflected on his late danger and the goodness of God in preserving him in the midst of so much peril. 'It was for my old mother's sake, I am sure,' said he, 'it would have broken her heart to have lost her only son.' Thomas knelt down

and offered a fervent and pious prayer to God. He then looked around for his companions, but he did not see one, nor even a bit of the ship, although as he learned afterward several of the men were thrown on the coast not far from the spot where he was saved. They were hid from his sight by a high rock, and taking a different direction from him, he did not hear anything of them till some time after.

Thomas walked on with his kitten, and reached some dwelling houses in the course of the night, where he met with a friendly reception and found out that he was not very far from home. In the course of a day or two he got back to his mother, with nothing but the clothes he had on, and his kitten.

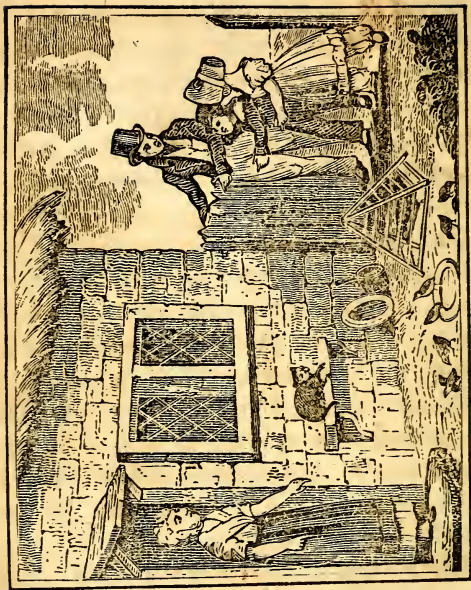
The old dame told Thomas not to lament the loss of his little property, which consisted in a small adventure, and his chest of clothes, but be grateful to God who had preserved his life and strength to go to work again. She was much pleased with the kitten, and said she should never look on it without thinking of his wonderful preservation, and if in his absence she was ever anxious for his safety, she would

remember that God could protect him.

Thomas remained with his mother a week, and then went to Boston. He obtained a recommendation from his late Captain, who he was glad to find had been saved in the shipwreck. And in less than a month (during which time he was not idle,) he was shipped for another voyage.

The kitten remained with the old dame, who had a cow and gave the kitten milk three times a day. In the evening when she sat down to read her Bible she always held kitty in her lap. When the sun shone the kitten sat on a shelf under the window. She grew very fast and seemed to be as happy as ever a cat was in the world. The old dame believed the cat loved her as much as she did the cat, but we shall find she was mistaken.

The hut was different from the ship in which pussy was born, and notwithstanding the dame's kindness to her she was discontented and thought she could do better elsewhere. I have known some little children as silly as this cat, and although they had kind friends and a comfortable home, yet indulge in discontented feel-



ings, and be always wishing for something they have not got.

The winter had come on, the ground was covered with snow, and one morning when the dame was busy, the door being open, pussy walked out. The sun was shining bright, pussy ran along the fences skipping from one rail to another, now and then dropping on the snow and enjoyed it very much. She was soon far from the hut, but did not see any other house. She thought she would climb up a tree to find a bird for her dinner, for she began to be hungry. But the birds had all flown away to a warmer climate, and she had to come down again, then she tried to smell along the ground for a mouse or a mole, but the snow was too deep for her to find anything. At last after wandering about till night and getting very cold and hungry she spied a light. She hoped it was the old dame's hut, and ran up to it but it, was a strange house, and there were strange faces in it. Nevertheless as she looked in at the window, the fire burned so bright and there were so many good things on the table for supper that she thought she would go to the door and wait till some

one opened it, and then creep slily in. When she came to the door a great dog lay there, and he growled at her, and frightened her very much. She was loth to quit such a comfortable shelter, so she did not go directly off; then the dog barked, and the man, when he heard the dog bark, came to the door and beat poor pussy with a stick. Though very cold and hungry, she was obliged to go away. Puss then went to the barn, where she had a good bed on the hay, but no supper, for there was nothing to eat there, not so much as a mouse for her to catch. Even the flies, which she used to get in the dame's sunny window, were not to be found here, for it was too cold for them to live in the barn; so morning came, and pussy saw the dog coming out, and she ran away from him as fast as she could.

Alas, thought pussy, why did I leave my kind mistress? if I had stayed with her, I should now have a nice saucer of milk and sit in her lap by the fire. I wish I could find the way back, thought she. So she tried; but took the wrong way, for it is easier to stray from home than to find the way back again. The farther she ran,

the farther she removed from the old dame's hut.

This kind old lady was grieved when she found the cat was gone. It was the only companion she had and she loved her for her son's sake. She is an ungrateful puss, said the dame, and will, I am sure, repent of having left me. She went to the door several times in the course of the morning, and called puss, puss, puss! but puss could not hear for she was a great way off.

In the mean time pussy crept along as well as she could on the sunny side of the road, and did not see another house for some time, and only one or two teams, with their drivers all muffled in great coats driving to market. She climbed up on a load of wood that was in one of them, and the driver was so kind as not to touch her, but let her ride unmolested. At last they passed a butcher's cart, which was standing by the door of a farm house, just ready to go to market. Pussy smelled the meat and quickly jumped down and ran to the cart. Before the butcher saw her, she had seized a little bit, but at that moment he discovered the thief,

and set his dog at her, and away she scampered, but kept the meat in her mouth till she ran up a tree where the dog could not reach her, and there she sat and eat it up. This made her feel a little better, but she was still hungry. Thus she roamed about without friends or home and with very little food, till she reached the city. There she got down to the wharves and found her way into a ship.

The sailors saw her come on board and did not drive her back, because they think it good luck to have a cat come on board when they were going to sail. One of them seemed to have a greater liking for cats than the others, and always fed her from his own mess.

Puss had some slight recollection of a ship and soon felt at home and happy, and resolved not to quit her friends again. The sailors used often to play with her and set her on deck, to tell what the weather was going to be.---It is said that when it is going to rain, cats will sit and stroke their faces with their paws. This may be true and it is probably owing to some peculiar sensation which a moist atmosphere (such as prevails before rain) produces in them.

The ship was gone several months, and then returned to the same port from which it sailed. When it arrived all the men were glad to jump on shore as soon as they could get permission. The sailor who had been so fond of our cat, took her in his arms, and set her down on the wharf; but she leaped directly back, and would not quit the ship. This man however seemed determined to have her, and put her in a bag, with only a little hole in it for the air to come in, and swinging it over his shoulder carried her off.

During all this time dame Trot was very solitary and seldom saw a human being. Once in a while one of her nearest neighbors would wade through the snow to see her, and inquire if she wanted any thing, and as this was an unusually severe winter, at last, he invited her to come to his house, and live in his family a few weeks, till the snow went off, for he really feared she might suffer and even die alone. The dame after much urging consented—but as Farmer Clap (this was his name) had a numerous though well regulated household, the noise and confusion of the busy scene fatigued the old

lady, who often longed for her quiet hut. She was sensible however of the kindness of the farmer and his family, and made herself quite useful among them; she knit socks for the children, rocked the cradle, and read aloud in the Bible, during the long evenings. As soon however as the snow began to melt she requested to be carried back. She employed herself, in putting her humble habitation in order after her long absence. Twice a day she put on her spectacles and read a chapter in her Bible, and prayed to God to take care of her son, and to suffer her old eyes once more to be blessed with the sight of him. Scarcely a day passed that she did not think of her lost cat, and sometimes she felt very sad and almost feared that Thomas was lost also, for she had not heard a word from him since he left her. Not that he neglected to write to his old mother, but the letters did not reach her.

The winter passed, and spring was coming on; the grass looked green, and the violets were peeping forth their blue heads around the old dame's hut. She had planted some lettuce in a box placed in the sun, where it had already

grown quite large. Perhaps, said she, by the time it is fit to gather, Thomas may return to eat some of it. How he will relish it after living so long on salt meat, at sea.

One day when dame Trot was weeding and watering her lettuce, she thought she heard footsteps, an unusual sound, and looking up she beheld her dear son by her side. 'Heaven be praised!' exclaimed the old dame, her eyes running over with tears, 'here you are Tom, safe and sound.' 'Yes, mother, and have made a prosperous voyage, and brought you a world of good things. My chest is coming out in neighbor Clap's waggon.

'Thank you Tom, you are a blessing to your old mother, and Heaven will reward you for it. The richest lady in the land might envy me my son. But what is in that bag?'

'O I guess you will think you are going to have a family of cats. But it is another cat, who came on board our ship just as we sailed, and the creature took such a liking to me, and looked so much like the kitten I saved, that I would have her, although she was so attached to the ship I was obliged to tie her up in this

bag to prevent her getting back; here she is,' or while he was speaking he had untied the bag, and out jumped the cat glad enough to get free.

'Why Thomas it is the very kitten herself,' said the dame, 'I know her by the two brown spots on her back. How glad I am to see her. She ran away six months ago and I never expected to lay eyes on her again.'

'Well that is strange, I declare,' said Thomas, 'when she came on board we took to one another at once.'

The old dame lifted pussy up in her lap, stroked her, gave her some milk from the same saucer she used to be fed in, (which had a little piece broken out of the edge, and was always reserved for pussy,) and told her she hoped she would never run away again. Could the cat have spoken, she would have thanked her, for the milk was very grateful, and promised never to quit her mistress again. And she might also have said that she had learned this lesson by her wanderings, never to desert old friends in search of new.

'Is that a true story, mother,' said Lucy, 'or did you only make it up to amuse me?'

‘It is one of my own invention,’ answered Mrs Arnold. ‘I can only say it is not an unnatural or improbable story,—but not that it really happened. I hope it has dispelled some of your unpleasant fancies.’ ‘O yes, I think now I can go to sleep. I hope you will also.’

‘Yes, Lucy, I will; I shall lie down by your side and then if you wish anything you can easily rouse me.

As soon as Mrs Arnold had rested her head on the pillow beside her sick daughter, believing her not to be in immediate want of her attention, she dropped to sleep, for she was greatly exhausted by watching and anxiety.

Lucy was less fortunate; the restlessness and the unpleasant images which the narration of the story had for a time banished, began to return; and her first thought was to awaken her mother; but being a considerate little girl and careful for others comfort as, well as her own, she immediately recollected how important rest was to her, and resolved if possible not to disturb her. It occurred to Lucy that as the story had diverted her attention from herself, if she

endeavoured to recall it and imagine herself repeating it to her brother, this might keep her mind calm. She remembered that once when she had the toothach, her mother advised her to repeat to herself some of the little hymns and poems she had learned, and having done so it turned her attention from the pain. Instead therefore of asking her mother to repeat the story of the cat, or tell another, she tried to amuse herself and imagined herself telling it to Robert. This employment proved tranquilizing and before she had come to the end, she too fell asleep, and when she awoke she found herself much refreshed, and had the happiness to see her mother sitting up by her side and looking less fatigued than she had done before.

Shortly after, Robert's noisy step and cheerful voice were heard in the passage, and he entered the room, saying, ' School is done, how is Lucy, mother? where is my ball; I am going on the Common to play ball, may I spend my ninepence for a bat?' All in a breath.

' Not so fast, my son. Lucy is better, I am glad you have come in just at this time. The doctor says she may eat an orange to day: John

is very much engaged in some necessary work, and I wish you to go to Court street and buy some oranges.

R. What! all the way down there? why can not I get them at Mr Adams's close by.

Mrs A. He has none that are sweet, I have just sent there.

R. Well, then I can not play bat and ball, for it will be dinner time when I get back.

Mrs A. I think you will have an hour to play after your return, it is not much after 12 o'clock—but if you do not, are you not willing to give up one game of bat and ball to oblige your sister who is so sick?

R. I have to be in school all day, and I want to play, in playing time.

Mrs A. I shall not urge you, because I wish your attention to your sister to be voluntary, not from compulsion. I can assure you however that if you go out to play, you will feel that you are not doing right and be less happy than if you went first for the oranges.

R. Well I suppose I must go.

Mrs A. No I leave it entirely to your own determination to go for the oranges, or to play, as you choose.'

Robert took his ball out of the drawer and walked slowly out of the room. Lucy looked disappointed, 'cannot I have the orange till after dinner?' said she.

'Yes,' answered her mother 'I shall not imitate your brother, but put myself to the inconvenience of sending John.'

'If Robert had ever been sick, he would have gone, do not you think he would, mother?' 'I trust so;—our own sufferings lead us to feel for the sufferings of others; and thus what at first view might appear to have the effect of making us think most of ourselves, is so wisely ordered as to lead us to a consideration of others. If we avail ourselves of these occasions of improvement, (for as I have often told you we must do our part) sickness will be the means of cultivating a disinterested and benevolent disposition.'

As she spoke these words, Robert entered, not with his usual animated manner, but slowly and softly, and coming up to his mother said, 'May I go for the oranges?'

His mother made no remarks on his late behaviour, willing to encourage by her appro-

bation the slightest impulses to virtue, and giving him the money said 'yes, Lucy will thank you, I am persuaded.'

Robert did not wait to hear whether Lucy thanked him or not, but skipped out of the room, and soon returned with a basket of fine Havana oranges. 'There Lucy,' said he, 'are not these good. I told Mr Carter that they were for my sister and she was sick. He said I should have the sweetest he had, because I had come for them myself, and he looked over a box and gave me these. Will you cut one, mother? Here Lucy, try it, is it sweet?' 'Yes, said Lucy, it is the first thing that has tasted good since I have been sick. Give Robert one, will you mother?'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'and in return, Robert, you must tell me which has made you most happy, playing ball or going for the oranges. 'O going for the oranges mother, I am very glad I went instead of John, for I got the best out of a whole box, because I came for my sister.'

'Experience is a more succesful teacher than precept,' said Mrs Arnold. 'When I told you that you would not be happy if you followed your

own selfish desires, you would not believe me: now you have felt that what I said is true.'

Lucy continued to suffer very much, and her patience was exhausted more than once. 'O mother, she said, how badly I feel; when shall I get well? I am tired of lying in bed.' 'My dear Lucy,' answered her mother, 'do not complain if you can possibly avoid it: this will aggravate your distress. Your heavenly Father taketh care of you, and will restore you to health when he thinks best. Endeavor to engage your mind in reflecting on the comforts with which you are surrounded—your mother constantly by your side, and many others ready to attend to your smallest wants; a kind and skilful physician, who does all in his power, to alleviate your sufferings and effect your cure. A pleasant airy apartment, with every convenience for your bodily comfort. How many children are there at this moment ill with the measles in close noisy rooms, without necessary attendance, perhaps even without a mother to watch over them or a doctor to direct the best method of treatment.—Their sufferings are much aggravated, and in some instances their lives sac-

rified, for want of proper care. You must thank God for his goodness to you, and pray to him to give you a submissive spirit.' 'I do, mother,' said Lucy, 'and I will try to wait patiently till he pleases to make me well. I wish I could think of something that I could do without seeing. How do blind people employ themselves? I would not be blind for the world.'

Mrs Arnold replied, 'It is a great calamity to be blind, and yet it is said that the blind are usually cheerful. They meet with much kindness and consideration, and they are more grateful for attention than those are who need it less. There is no affliction which if it be endured in the right spirit, may not improve our character, and thus become a blessing.'

'I once knew a little blind girl named Amy Bennet, who was one of the most generous, affectionate, pious characters I have ever known! she was naturally ingenious and good tempered. She lost her sight by the measles when she was ten years old. She retained a distinct recollection of what she had seen, this added to her pleasures and her means of employment, but also increased her regret. Her mother was an in-

valid and this child was her sole nurse. Amy had one brother younger than herself, who after he had learned to read at a Sunday school used to read to her. And this was a mutual benefit, as his sister thus gained knowledge and he profited by her remarks, and his interest in what he read was increased by her sympathy and instructions.

Amy's mind being deprived of exercise on objects without, was the more active in its internal operations. Her memory was astonishing, so that after her brother had read a chapter in the Bible or a story she could always repeat the substance of it to her mother, who appeared to enjoy it more in the words of her daughter, than out of the book.

When I was a little girl I often visited her with my mother. I never heard her complain, never saw her idle; she used to wind thread and silk for the neighbors; knit stockings, net purses and bags. She would cut out letters on bits of wood, which she could distinguish by feeling and compose words of them for her own amusement, or to teach her brother to spell, by the game which you know we often play, of



making out the word from the letters thrown promiscuously together. She always made her mother's bed,---she could sing sweetly and play tunes on the jews-harp the only instrument which (as she was poor) she could afford to buy.

A young lady who lived near her, had a flageolet on which she sometimes played, and being told that the blind girl was fond of music, sent for her to come and hear it. Amy's pleasure was very great and she expressed it so enthusiastically that the young lady was much affected and gave her the flageolet and some instruction in playing on it, and I remember, she told me that her flageolet had never afforded her so much delight as at the moment

she presented it to the blind girl. Music is sweet, but the emotions of benevolence and sympathy are far sweeter.

Amy, as I have told you, took care of her sick mother, who was often confined to her bed. By her mother's directions, and what assistance she could obtain from her little brother she managed all the household concerns, cooked the food, washed the clothes and kept every article of furniture neat and in order; her mother being able only to do what little sewing was requisite. Amy was fortunate in being thus poor, I might almost say in being blind; since these circumstances exercised and developed her faculties, furnished her with that necessary employment which is the best security against discontent and led her early to think of God, to whom the needy and afflicted never turn in vain.

I have seen many a child in the full possession of all its senses, surrounded with friends and competence, who possessed neither the knowledge, the virtue nor the content of this little blind girl, and who might have changed with her to advantage.

‘But mother, said Lucy, ‘I should be very sorry to be blind,---ought I not to feel so?’

‘Assuredly you may; there is nothing wrong in the feeling; we are never to put ourselves in the way of suffering; but when our heavenly Father sends these trials upon us, we know that they are designed for our good, and so they will always prove, if we endure them with submission and patience.’

‘Is it not a fine day, mother,’ said Lucy, ‘I think there is a gleam of sunshine through my curtain, how glad I shall be to see the sun, and walk out again.’

‘Yes, you will fully realize the pleasure of health,’ said Mrs Arnold, ‘of being able to skip about in the open air, and go to school.’

‘I shall like to go to school better than ever,’ returned Lucy. ‘I believe it is three or four days since you were out, mother; I wish you would take a walk, it would do you good and I can be with Margaret; she will read to me, her eyes are strong and she likes to read my little books.’

‘I will go, if you are contented to be left with Margaret, but you must keep quiet and not

talk much with her, for excitement will increase your fever and perhaps bring on the delirium.'

Mrs Arnold called the maid and gave her directions concerning Lucy and then went out; for she knew that air and exercise were necessary to enable her to bear the fatigue and anxiety of her daughter's sick chamber.

When she returned she found every thing as she wished, and the succeeding night was better than any one previous.

Lucy is now decidedly getting well. Her complexion is beginning to recover its natural hue, and her eyes can bear a little light, still she cannot use them, even to look at pictures.

This morning, Robert came home as soon as school was done, and said, 'I should like to read to Lucy, instead of going on the Common to play; here is the new book grandpapa gave me, about insects; it is very interesting.'

His mother accepted the proposal, and Lucy said 'I have been wishing to read this book ever since you received it.'

'I will take my work and sit by the window,' said Mrs Arnold, for I should like to hear it also. Draw the head curtain of Lucy's bed, Robert,

so as to skreen the light from her eyes, and let it fall on your book.'

Robert read in an easy pleasant manner, for he understood every word of it. His mother had never allowed him to read any thing that he did not understand when it could be avoided, and thus he had not acquired the monotonous manner of reading usual with children, and even many grown people.

Robert read several very curious accounts of the habits of insects and their mode of constructing their nests, and looked behind the curtain to see how Lucy liked them—then shutting his book he stepped very softly across the room to his mother, and whispered, 'Lucy is asleep, I have read her to sleep, I had better not read any more now.'

'No, you are a thoughtful good boy,' said Mrs Arnold, 'to be so careful not to waken her. Now run out to your play, I am sure you will enjoy it, because you have been good.'

Robert opened the door carefully. His mother did not hear his footsteps, but looking out of the window, presently saw him bounding across the Common like a fawn.

Mrs Arnold felt happy, and said in her heart, Robert has sensibility and right feeling, and though thoughtless and passionate I begin to hope that I shall in the end train him to habits of disinterestedness and reflection. This will be much harder than with Lucy, who always regards the feelings of others.

Such reflections passed often through Mrs Arnold's mind. Her husband had been dead several years, and her chief concern was to perform her duty faithfully and successfully in the bringing up of those precious children Heaven had confided to her charge.

Lucy awoke from her nap so much refreshed, that her mother thought she might venture to send for her little friend and schoolmate Elizabeth, to pass an hour with her.

Elizabeth was a pleasant well behaved child, and never noisy or troublesome.

She came. Lucy was rejoiced to see her, and asked her many questions about her schoolmates, and how far they had got on in their studies, particularly their geography, 'in which,' said she, 'I am sorry to be so far behind you all.'

‘I dare say you will get up with us in a week. You can get two lessons while the others get one. I wish I had as good a memory as you have. I never can remember anything.’

‘Your memory may be better than you imagine,’ said Mrs Arnold. ‘Perhaps you do not give all your attention to what you are studying; do not you think of something else at the time, Elizabeth?’

‘I suppose I do, but how can I help it?’

‘It may be that you are not sufficiently desirous of helping it,’ replied Mrs Arnold. ‘We are sure to remember what we are much interested in. If I were to promise you a new book on condition that you came in for it tomorrow, precisely at two o’clock, I dare say you would be here at the moment.’

‘O yes, I should think of it all the time and look at the clock.’

‘Just so,’ said Mrs Arnold, ‘if you thought of your lesson and looked at your book with an earnest desire to get the lesson correctly, you would not fail to remember it. I have no doubt that when Lucy is well enough to go to school, she will have very little additional trouble in

getting double lessons, because she will be excited by the desire to overtake her class.'

'But do not you think that there is a difference in memories?' said Elizabeth.

'Undoubtedly, some persons have better memories than others, but deficiencies of this sort are more easily supplied by attention and a desire to do well, than children are aware of.'

Elizabeth's mind was excited by these remarks, and they were of lasting advantage to her. The idea that she could, if she made an effort, equal those in her class, who had always surpassed her, was new and pleasing, and stimulated her effectually. The delight of her parents and teacher, and the rewards and praises she received, furnished additional inducements to her to continue her exertions; till the habit of giving her entire attention to whatever she was upon became fixed, and she attained a superiority which her friends, or even herself had never anticipated.

Mrs Arnold was constantly throwing out such hints and good advice to the young people who visited her children, and the good she did in this way was incalculable.

Lucy and Elizabeth now began to converse about their own affairs. Mrs Arnold left them wholly to themselves, knowing that the restraint imposed by older persons represses the natural flow of the affections, and checks the gracefulness of spontaneous communication. If she noticed any feelings or expressions that needed correction, she did not interfere at the time, but reserved her admonition for another and more favorable occasion. In about an hour Elizabeth took her leave. The remainder of the day was passed quietly by Lucy, who required no other gratification than the delightful feeling of returning health. This evening was Saturday. Lucy asked her mother to tell her a true story and to let Robert come up and sit with her and hear it also.

‘ Now,’ said Mrs Arnold, ‘ I will tell you a story you have heard before, and I am curious to know which of you will first recognize it.’

‘ What is the name ?’ said Lucy.

‘ You shall chose a name after you have heard it.’

‘ But if it is a true story,’ replied Lucy, ‘ it must have a name.’

‘ Well then,’ said her mother, ‘ you can call it, maternal solicitude, —or, the rescued child, —or, the favored of Heaven; for either will be a true name.’

‘ Come begin mother,’ said Robert, ‘ I dare say Lucy will find out first.’

‘ There was once a woman who lived in a far distant country,---this country was ruled by a cruel and wicked king. If the poor woman could have got away, and lived anywhere else, she would, but the king would not allow her or any one to quit the kingdom without his permission, and she was obliged to stay there, as also were her husband, kindred and neighbors, and work very hard for this king, who was even so wicked as to take away their children and kill them. This woman had a little baby, a son, and she heard that the king intended to send some one to take it away from her. She was exceedingly distressed, and hid it somewhere, I do not know where, but in a place where no one could hear it cry. The people came for it, but could not find it, and went away, believing she had no son. The mother hid it in this way several months, but at last it

grew so big and could cry so loud, that she could not conceal it any longer; and she was informed, that the servants of the king had discovered that she had a son, and were coming the next day to take him from her.

How sad she was, and how she wept while she looked on her boy, and thought that she must part with him! Could the wicked king have known what she felt, I think he would have relented.

This mother however, was a woman of piety as well as tenderness. She did not sit down in despair, but prayed to God to instruct and sustain her. A plan occurred to her mind, which appeared to offer some hope of preserving the child's life. She constructed a basket of reeds and lined it with clay, so that the water could not get in, then she dressed her infant as neatly as she could, and kissed his soft cheek and smiling mouth over and over again, and wet his face with her tears. It seemed as if her heart would break, as she laid him in the basket, and felt that this might be her last embrace. She took the basket to the river near, and laid it in the flags by the brink, and the

babe soon fell asleep. The mother had a kind daughter, who went with her and promised to watch the child, and see what became of it. The mother returned home trusting in God. The king's servants came and searched in vain for the child; the mother's heart was relieved, as she looked at their cruel countenances, and remembered that her precious babe was not in their hands. Meantime the sister remaining at a little distance, saw some females walking along, by the river side, and perceived that it was the daughter of the king who had come down, attended by her maidens, to bathe; as was the custom of that country. The princess saw the basket and sent her maid to fetch it. She uncovered it and beheld the child, who seeing strange faces, began to cry. The princess did not resemble her cruel father, but being tender hearted, was moved by the cries of the infant, and said she would take it home and bring it up as her own child. All this time the sister was watching and saw every thing that passed, and drew nearer and nearer. She heard the princess say, 'I must have a nurse for the child,' and then she ventured to come

forward, and ask the princess if she would allow her to go for a nurse. Having obtained permission she ran for the child's mother, told her all that had happened, and brought her to the king's daughter, who put the child into her arms and charged her to nurse it faithfully. The mother longed to press him to her heart, and could hardly restrain her tears.

As soon as she was alone with her son, she kissed him with rapture, and thanked God with fervent gratitude for his merciful Providence, in not only restoring her child to her arms, but in providing for him so fortunate a lot, and so able a protector. She had trusted to her Heavenly Father, and he had not deserted her. How deeply did she reverence and adore his power and goodness.—'This child whose life was so wonderfully preserved, grew up to be one of the greatest and best men that ever lived.'

'O! it was Moses,' said Robert, 'Moses in the bulrushes; did not you think of it Lucy?' 'Yes but not till mother had told a great deal, not till the king's daughter came to the river side.'

Lucy and Robert remained conversing with

their mother, more than an hour before they went to bed, and she related to them most of the remarkable events in the life of Moses, and the journeyings of the Israelites in the desert, before they reached the promised land. She made many explanations, which as it gave clearness to their ideas, increased their interest in these miraculous histories.

The next day being Sunday, Lucy said ‘she supposed she should pass much of it alone, as she was now so far recovered that it was not necessary for her mother to remain at home on her account.’

‘What I shall do,’ said she, ‘all this long morning I do not know, for I cannot use my eyes yet.’

‘I shall only be absent about two hours, said her mother; ‘I trust you will find enough to think of to employ that time well. You are just recovering from a severe and what has to many proved a fatal disease, and your heart ought to be filled with thankfulness to God, who has preserved your life, and restored you to health. You will I am sure pray to him and thank him for his goodness when you are alone, and en-

deavor to call to mind what peculiar blessings you have experienced, and what good things you possess, which you have not prized as highly as you ought.'

'How do you mean, mother?'

'Your sight for instance. Have you ever before reflected on the value of this gift, or been sufficiently grateful that you were not deprived of it.'

'No, but I have thought of it often since I have been shut up in this dark room, and there are many other things like this that I remember now.'

'Well, endeavor,' said Mrs Arnold, 'to employ your mind on this subject while I am gone, and tell me on my return what blessings have been brought to your mind and inspired your gratitude, by this short illness. Margaret reads very well, and will read the Bible to you.'

The time did not pass heavily with Lucy. She adopted her mother's plan; who was pleased with the account she received from her of her morning's reflections. 'If I could have used my eyes, mother, I should have tried to make out a list, but I had so many thoughts

that I dare say I should not have been able to write them half down ; because I write so slowly. I wish I could write as fast as you do, mother.'

'This ease,' said Mrs Arnold, 'is owing to practise ; the more you write the sooner you will acquire it. Shall I write down your thoughts for you ?'

'If you please, mother.'

With a few alterations and corrections, Mrs Arnold wrote what Lucy had told her, in a little book she kept for such purposes. This book contained notes of interesting conversations she had at any time held with her children ; suggestions on education, that arose in her mind from her daily experience and observation ; stories she had related for their instruction and amusement ; and anecdotes and incidents of real life. It is from this book that we have drawn the present work.

SUNDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS OF A LITTLE GIRL
WHO WAS RECOVERING FROM A SHORT ILLNESS.

The first thing I am grateful for is the knowledge of my heavenly Father, for it makes me

happier and better, and I love to thank him for all his goodness; when I suffer, I can bear it better if I remember that he designs it for my benefit. Next is my mother, she loves me so much, that she is kind to me even when I do wrong; how much more I should have suffered in my illness if my dear mother had not been by to comfort and amuse me. Then my brother, who is a pleasant kind companion and loves me as well as I do him. All my little friends and playmates, and my good teacher, who is so patient in instructing us. My sight, without which I should lose the pleasure of seeing those I love, and the sky and the flowers, and the power of walking about by myself. If I were to lose my hearing I could not converse with my friends. I am thankful for health and liberty and that I am not always shut up in a dark room as I have been this last week, but can walk out, ride into the country, and run about the fields and garden. The pleasures of knowledge are very great; how many curious, beautiful things there are in the world to study and become acquainted with, but I have not time to

tell half of them. Then there is the satisfaction I feel when I have done right. I hope I shall become every day more watchful of my own conduct, more kind to others, more obedient to my mother, and more pious and grateful to my heavenly Father.'

Mrs Arnold read this to Lucy, after she had written it, who said it was very much like what she had told her, but not exactly.

'The ideas are the same,' said her mother; 'but I have arranged them a little differently and have altered a few expressions which were awkward. And now,' said she, 'Lucy, I am going down to dinner, and I shall send you up a small bit of beef, for you know the Doctor said you might eat a little meat today.'

'O yes,' replied Lucy, 'I am very glad, I do want to eat, I am so hungry, mother. I think I ought to put eating in my list; how glad I was to get a piece of dry toast, after I had been without several days.'

I trust you will not complain again if your food is not just to your mind; if you cannot always have chicken or turkey for your dinner, or a cake and sweetmeats at supper; but be

thankful you have a good appetite, and can relish plain wholesome food.'

The next day Lucy went down to dinner, and in two days more as the weather was fine she walked in the Mall. The day after her walk her grandpapa took her and her brother into the country. This ride was the pleasantest to Lucy she had ever taken. To quit her sick chamber, to feel well, to see the flowers and the grass, and all the beauty and variety of country scenery, were charming indeed.---Lucy's eyes did not become strong immediately, although she was in all other respects very well. It was not until after a month's absence that she returned to school. She was welcomed by her teacher and all her little school fellows, for they all loved her. She took her place at the foot of every class and was almost discouraged when she found how far they had advanced in their studies. 'How could you get on so far in one month,' said she. 'A great deal may be done in one month, my dear,' said her teacher, 'this will show you the importance of time. Many little girls waste more hours in a year than would make up a month. Will any of my schol-

ars tell me how many hours they must waste a day in one year to make up a month?’

Lucy answered first, she was very ready at arithmetic; and this little instance of success relieved her somewhat from the despondency which was coming over her when she found her classmates so far ahead of her.

The geography class had got through their geography and begun the book again. This was quite fortunate for Lucy. She had learned her lessons thoroughly and she could easily keep along with them now they were going over the ground a second time, and get a lesson in the part they had studied while she was absent; in order to reach her class in some other studies, she omitted those which she used to learn alone.

One day on her return from school she said to her mother; ‘it seems to me that I shall never make up that month.’

‘It is hard to make up lost time, Lucy,’ said her mother, ‘and this is a reason for employing wisely all we have. But we need not count your days of sickness lost time, for you have during them, learned some things of the first

importance. They were serious lessons, such as sickness and suffering only can teach. You are not too young however to appreciate their value. The lesson of patience, which while it alleviates your own sufferings renders it to much easier for me to attend on you; gratitude and love to those who do so much for your comfort and happiness, and thankfulness and devotion to your Heavenly Father, all whose dispensations whether of joy or sorrow are designed for your benefit. You understand better than you ever did before, the value of health and time, and of friends; and you will I trust make a more faithful use of these than formerly. Instead of losing a month, you have probably gained many by the improvement you will now be disposed to make of your time and advantages. Thus you perceive that our days of sickness instead of being lost time, are, or ought to be, among the most precious days which God in his goodness bestows upon us.'



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THE
BEATITUDES.

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PREFACE.

The following Book, entitled 'The Beatitudes,' is designed to convey religious instruction to children, by stories, and familiar illustrations of some of the doctrines and precepts of our Saviour. If a single child should acquire from its perusal, a better knowledge of the principles of our religion, or imbibe a purer affection and deeper reverence for its Divine Author, the mother, who wrote it, will have her reward.

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THE BEATITUDES.

One Sunday Mary had been reciting to her mother a lesson which consisted of the twelve first verses, of the fifth chapter of Matthew--the commencement of that best of all sermons that was ever preached---‘The sermon on the Mount.’ Her mother told her that the blessings here pronounced by our Saviour, were called ‘The Beatitudes’---and that it had been said of some very good man, that he was ‘a man of the Beatitudes ;’ because he exemplified, to a very rare degree, the spirit and the virtues which our Saviour here commends. Now, Mary was a child who seemed to love goodness for its own sake, and in all the little temptations and trials to which she was subject, was more than usually apt ‘to choose the good and refuse the evil.’ She looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then asked, ‘Mother, do you think it could ever be said of any little child, that she was a child of the Beatitudes ? do you

think a little child could be good enough to have that said of her ?’

‘ I think, my dear, that it is the duty of every child, capable of understanding the instructions of our Saviour, to regulate her daily life by them, and where there is such an effort, such an intention, it will succeed to a greater or less degree.’

‘ Yes, mother, but it seems to me that some of those things which our Saviour teaches here, are such as do not belong to little children at all.’

‘ On the contrary, my dear, I think if I were to explain them to you, you would find that every one of them was appropriate to children.’

‘ Well now mother, take the first beatitude, if you please---‘ Blessed are the poor in spirit.’ Perhaps I do not know what that means, but I think I have some idea of it, and I do not see how a little child is to show that she is ‘ poor in spirit.’

‘ I think I can soon make you perceive, my dear; and in order to have my explanation clearer, I will adopt the method of the teachers of the deaf and dumb, who, when they wish to

communicate a new idea to the pupil, present the opposite, the contrast, and then the idea itself, made clearer by the contrast. So I will ask you if you know what it is to be proud in spirit ?

‘ O yes, mother, I am sure I cannot help knowing that, when I see so much every day of ’——Mary stopped, for she recollected, that her mother never liked to hear her talk of the faults of her companions.

‘ You may go on, my dear,’ said her mother. ‘ When we speak of other’s faults from a proper motive, that we may learn a lesson from them of use to ourselves, we do no wrong ; but it is both foolish and sinful to bring them into notice, for the purpose of making ourselves appear to greater advantage by the comparison. It is much more for our own benefit to compare ourselves with those who are better than we are, than with such as have even more faults. But to return to our subject. Tell me what you think are the marks of a proud spirit. How does Helen, who, I suppose you were going to name just now, show such a spirit ?’

‘ Why, if she gets into any disputes or quar-

rels with the girls at school, as often happens, when it is entirely her own fault, the idea never seems to enter her head that she can be in the wrong, and sometimes when I know, and when she tells me afterwards, she thinks herself the blame was on her part, she declares she will not acknowledge it to them. She cannot bear not to have us agree with her in all her opinions, to think just as she does, and be willing to do just as she says, because, as you would suppose, she really believes that whatever she says and does must be right. If she takes an affront she is very slow to forgive it. She often complains that her father and mother wont let her have her own way more, and is indignant at the schoolmaster for every restraint he puts upon us, as if her own will was the only law for her.'

'Well, my dear, a child to be poor in spirit, must be just the reverse of all this. She must never have so much confidence in herself as not to be always watchful lest she should do wrong; ready to suspect herself rather than others, and to confess her errors when she perceives them; willing not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil; always desirous to

learn something from the virtues of others, and willing to be guided by those who are wiser and better than herself. It is only such who can with any sincerity offer the petition, 'forgive us our trespasses,' as it is only such who have that sense of sin which makes pardon seem necessary.'

'Well, mother, I think I see now that a child may be 'poor in spirit,' but before, it seemed to me that this could be required only of those who were grown up, and who had great fame or wealth, or some such things to make them very proud.'

'It is almost unnecessary to remark, after what I have already said, that in such instances, the duty is not more necessary, though perhaps, a great deal more difficult.'

'One word, if you please, mother,' said Mary, 'upon the last part of the text we have been considering. Our Saviour says, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.' What does he mean by saying that 'theirs is the kingdom of heaven?'

'His answer to the Pharisees on occasion of their asking him when the kingdom of God would come, explains this. He replied to them,

‘the kingdom of God is within you.’ Blessed indeed, must those be, of whom this can be said. It is always considered a great happiness, you know, to live under a wise and merciful government. Those who have the kingdom of God within them, and obey his laws, enjoy, in a peculiar manner, his favor and protection, and are especially entitled to the rewards that are promised to his faithful servants. Such have, even while on earth, a taste of the happiness of Heaven.

‘Thank you, my dear mother; and now will you talk with me a little longer, and help me to understand better the next verse.’

‘I have only time, now, dear, to tell you a story of two little girls, one of whom, Harriet Somers, was a good deal like your acquaintance Helen, and the other, Sarah Swift, of a very different character.’

‘And what will you call the story? you know I always like to have a name for a story.’

‘Well, then, it shall be called ‘THE STORY OF THE PROUD GIRL AND HER GENTLE FRIEND.’ These little girls were schoolmates and neighbors, so that, of course, they had a good deal

of intercourse with each other. Harriet was more fond of Sarah, than Sarah was of her; but still, there was a good deal in Harriet that Sarah could not help liking; for though very proud and rather imperious, she had naturally a generous spirit, and a warm, affectionate temper. She was almost always on bad terms with her school-mates generally, but Sarah was so very sweet tempered, so ‘poor in spirit,’ that she was always ready to forgive all her little offences, and overlook her faults.

One Saturday afternoon, Harriet, according to her usual custom, called for Sarah to take a walk. Sarah declined, because, as she said, she had engaged to go with Mary Horn; ‘but you will wait till Mary comes,’ said Sarah; ‘I shall be very glad to have your company too.’

Harriet took offence at this. ‘I thought it was understood,’ said she, ‘between you and me, that we should have a walk together every Saturday afternoon, and I wonder you should engage to go with some one else and say nothing to me about it.’

‘Why Harriet,’ said Sarah, ‘I could’nt imagine that you would not be willing to have

Mary of the party; and as she is a stranger, removed from all her friends, and seems to take a fancy to me, rather than to the girls she boards with, I thought I should be unkind to refuse her. She could not come till five, and I was sure you would be willing, for the sake of obliging her, to wait till then.'

'I don't care,' said Harriet, peevishly, 'it may have been kind to her, but I think it was very unkind to me; and I have no fancy for people that are always ready to forsake old friends for new ones.' So saying, she abruptly left her.

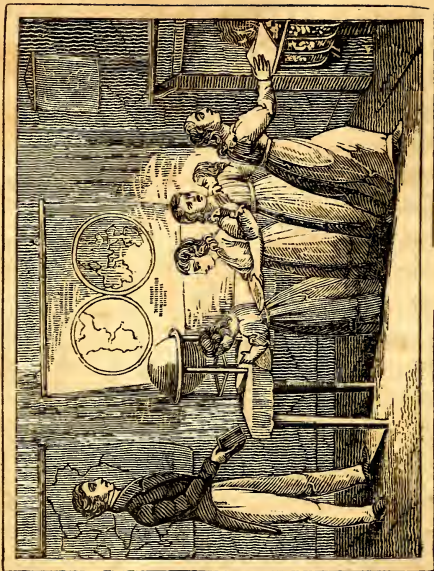
'Now is it not strange,' said Sarah when she went upstairs to her mother's room, 'that Harriet should take offence so easily?'

'She will learn better by and by, I trust,' said her mother, 'she will find that such folly costs her too much.'

'What do you mean by that, mother?'

'I mean that by indulging her pride of temper she loses a great deal of love and good will, besides a great many social pleasures, as for instance, this walk; and therefore, her pride may be said to cost her all these.'





‘ Now I dare say,’ said Sarah, ‘ that she will refuse to go with us this afternoon, and it is likely as not that she wont speak to me for a week to come.’

‘ Well, my dear, don’t let there be any change in your manners towards her; at least, no diminution of kindness and good will.’

When Mary Horn came, Sarah condescended so far as to call for Harriet, which I suppose some little girls would have been quite too proud to do. When Harriet heard the kind tones of Sarah’s voice inquiring for her, she had half a mind to resume her good humor, and run down stairs to join her, but her pride prevented, and she sent word she was engaged. She followed the girls, however, with her eyes, as far as she could see them, wishing, all the time, that she was with them. Pride is a hard master, a despot, that must be obeyed, whether his service is agreeable or not.

The next Monday, when Harriet came to school, clouds were still on her brow, that not even the bright good humor in Sarah’s face as she bade her a kind good morning, could dispel. She kept aloof from Sarah all day, and avoided

her, as much as she could, even when they were going in the same direction home.

The next day they were to carry in their compositions, for the first time since the commencement of a new term. Their teacher said he was going to adopt a new plan; which was, that each girl should read her own aloud.

The girls were not prepared for this, and it was a great trial to them. When it came to Sarah's turn, who never thought it right or proper to refuse anything that her teacher required, she immediately read hers, though with a trembling lip, and in such agitation that she almost cried before she had finished; but when Harriet was called upon she first begged to be excused, and when she found that her teacher positively insisted on her doing as the rest had done, she hastily threw the paper into the fire. Sarah, foreseeing that her disgrace would be the consequence, eagerly snatched it out, before it had kindled, and whispering to Harriet, begged she would read it, as, if she persisted in her refusal, she would certainly be turned out of school. With as much haste as she had used in throwing it into the fire, she seized the

paper again, and read, or rather muttered it over, so rapidly, that not one half of it could be understood. The teacher said that would not do; it must be read distinctly. Sarah, eager to save her friend, and sure that in the present state of her mind she was incapable of complying with this requisition, asked if she might be permitted to read it for her. The teacher, unwilling to come to extremities with Harriet, and hoping she would be more reasonable another time, replied in the affirmative. Sarah took pains to read it as slowly, and distinctly as possible, hoping, by this means, to efface the unpleasant impression of the scene from the teacher's mind. It happened not to be a very good composition; it had been written hastily and carelessly. Harriet, though a girl of good abilities, was very indolent, and supposing that no one but her teacher would see the composition, cared very little about it. It caused her, therefore, a good deal of mortification, and she began to feel provoked with herself for her weakness, as she called it, in yielding to what she thought was such a ridiculous, unreasonable requisition on the part of

her teacher. Completely out of humor with herself and everybody else, when Sarah, who felt very sorry for her, was going to take her arm as they went home together, she rudely repulsed her, saying she would have nothing to do with a girl who, under the pretence of kindness, only wished to do her an injury.

‘You know, Sarah,’ said she, ‘that I never took any pains with my compositions; and you wanted to show how much better yours was, than mine; that was the occasion of your great eagerness to save it from the flames, and then to read it yourself, when you knew I should positively refuse again.’

This was too much, too hard, for poor Sarah to bear without having her feelings very much hurt. To receive reproaches instead of thanks, where thanks are due, is a severe trial both of temper and principle. Sarah made no reply, but walked on in silence, till she reached her father’s door. The moment she entered, her mother perceived that something troubled her, and asked an explanation. Sarah told the story of her wrongs with tears in her eyes. ‘Now mother,’ said she, ‘was it not too bad—

how can I ever have anything more to do with her?’

‘I hope you do not mean to say that you can never forgive her,’ said her mother.

‘Why, no, mother, I will try to forgive her; but it appears to me I can never endure to have her for a companion again.’

‘If you really forgive her, my dear, you will be willing to associate with her; and if you are actuated by a proper feeling, you will be willing, patiently to bear with all her foibles, in the hope of curing or softening them by your own forbearance and mildness.’

‘Ah! there is the very thing, mother. If I continue, after what has passed, to treat her just as I did before, I do not believe she will ever be conscious how shamefully she has behaved.’

‘Do you recollect, my dear, the fable of the sun and wind. The wind, with all its violence could not compel the traveller to part with his cloak; he only wrapped it more closely about him—but when the sun darted upon him his hot rays in noonday stillness, he was glad to throw it off. The ancients were

by natural principles, enlightened and confirmed by experience only; but we, who have the aid of revelation, ought to be much wiser and better than they. This fable was undoubtedly intended to illustrate the principle which I now wish to impress upon you—that mild and gentle means will often prove more effectual, than violent measures. To drop Harriet's acquaintance would be a violent measure for you to adopt, and would probably confirm all the disagreeable traits in her character; but, continue your usual, mild, and kind treatment of her, and depend upon it, she will, in time, lay aside the mantle of pride in which she wraps herself, as the traveller did his cloak.'

'If I could feel as sure of that as you do, mother, I think, at least, I hope, I should not hesitate what course to pursue---but Harriet's seems to me a hopeless case.'

'Well, my dear, granting that it is hopeless, which I do not at all believe; shall you do wrong, because you consider her irreclaimable? Can you recollect none of the beautiful precepts of our Saviour that apply to such a case as this? Can I not derive an argument from his own ex-

ample, the influence of which I know you sometimes feel, to prove to you what is your duty in the present instance?'

At this suggestion of her mother, several such precepts as these, 'resist not evil,' 'love your enemies,' &c. &c. immediately occurred to Sarah; and she thought of our Saviour's patience, and gentleness, with those from whom he received the worst, the most ungrateful treatment. Her own naturally kind disposition inclined her to the side of clemency; and now, that she felt a conviction of duty, she no longer hesitated.

'I will follow your advice, my dear mother, or rather, perhaps, I should say, I will follow the dictates of revelation, 'the Bible rule,' as little Jemmy would call it.'

The next day, Harriet did not look well — Sarah went to her, and kindly inquired what ailed her.

'Nothing, nothing at all,' said she, abruptly; and immediately took her seat; pretending to be very busy. Sarah took her seat also, which was near Harriet's, and presently looking up, perceived that she had become excessively

pale. She hastily took a little bottle of cologne water from her bag, and handed it to her. Harriet shook her head, but in doing so, became still more pale, and seemed on the point of fainting away. Sarah supported her in her arms; called for a tumbler of water---and then begged there might be a carriage sent for, to take her home. Meanwhile, she nursed her with all tenderness; and when the carriage came, accompanied her home.

In the evening, she went over to inquire how she was, and found her very ill---a long fit of sickness ensued. All this time, Sarah was unremitting in her attentions. At first, Harriet was rather shy; but soon became so fond of her that she could hardly bear to have her out of her sight. Sickness gives us a sense of our dependance upon the love and kindness of our friends which hardly anything else can. Harriet's father being absent, she had no one to attend upon her but his housekeeper; who, though a faithful nurse, was neither interesting or agreeable.

Sarah was telling her mother, one day, how necessary she had become to Harriet. 'I really

do not know what she would do without me,' said she, 'for Miss Rachel says that the moment she is awake in the morning, she calls for the watch to see whether it is near the time that I usually go in, before school, and then keeps it by her all day, and watches it constantly, for the return of the accustomed hours of my visits; and that so sure as I miss a visit, she loses a meal; which, now that she is able to bear a little food, is quite a disadvantage to her. I only wish it was vacation, and then I could be with her all the time. She can bear some reading now, and to be amused with my chat; and she loves dearly to have me bathe her head, and fix her pillow, and do ten thousand little things for her. She says Miss Rachel's hand is very rough, and mine smooth; that Miss Rachel is too loud, and too quick in all her motions; while I am softly, and gentle. All that is imagination, I suppose, but the poor girl suffers so much, that I am sure I ought to gratify her, in every way I can.'

Sarah's mother thought this an opportunity not to be lost, of inculcating a moral lesson, that would make a lasting impression upon the mind

of her child, and help to confirm all the best tenderness of her nature. 'If you think so, my dear,' said she, 'had not you better give up your school, for the present? I have no objection to that myself; and I am sure your father will be perfectly willing.'

'O I did not mean to suggest anything of that kind mother; it is quite out of the question, you know, because I am striving for the beautiful prize that has been shown us for a bait; and besides, my uncle William said if I obtained it, as I think I certainly shall, he would give me a new box of paints; of which I am really in great need. Harriet would not wish me to give up these, on her account, I am sure.'

'I dare say not, my dear; but so much the greater would be the merit of the sacrifice.'

'Why, I think, mother, if I rise very early, and study very hard, I can be with her nearly all the time out of school, after she wakes in the morning, which is not, usually, till very late. She seems entirely satisfied with that arrangement; and, perhaps, really enjoys seeing me in that way, more than if I were with her all the time.'

‘That might be the case if she were in full health, and could contrive her own amusements, and procure her own pleasures; but now, your society being the only solace and comfort that she has, the more she sees you, the better, of course. I was not thinking, however, so much of the present happiness you might confer upon her, as of the benefit to her character, which could hardly fail to be the consequence of such a magnanimous return, on your part, of good for evil.’

‘O, as to that, mother, I know that she feels very grateful for what I have done already; and I don’t doubt she is very sorry for her foolish conduct.’

‘I dare say, my dear, that she feels all this now, very deeply; but still, all you have done has been without any sacrifice; and is certainly, no more than common kindness required.—The impression of it, therefore, will not probably be lasting—it will wear away as other impressions of the sick room are apt to do; when the patient, restored to health, comes forth into the world again, and amid the freshness and fulness of his returning pleasures, forgets the past entire—

ly; the scene of loneliness and privation which so lately surrounded him, fades from his memory, as spectres that haunt the imagination by night, disappear with the light of the morning.'

'That being the case, mother, it seems to me that I had better take some other opportunity, when she is in health, to make some great impression upon her mind.'

'It is never best, my dear Sarah, to defer a present opportunity of doing good. Life is too short, too uncertain. I fear you set more value on this prize, than on the chance of your friend's reformation. But what will the temporary pleasure it will afford you be worth, in the comparison, with the lasting satisfaction of having discharged your duty towards her, even if you should not succeed, in producing the desired effect upon her character? Were you to look to the example of our Saviour, for guidance on this occasion, what would you learn from it? Was not his, a life of continual self-sacrifice, in the service, and for the good of others?'

This was an appeal which Sarah could not find it in her heart to resist. It is no disparagement to her virtue to say, that it cost her a hard

struggle to renounce the attractive prize, together with all the honors that would accompany it; without temptations, and infirmities, there would be no positive virtue; but after she had made up her mind what was her duty, she discharged it cheerfully.

The day after this conversation, she repaired, as usual, early in the morning, to the sick room. After she had remained some time, Harriet reminded her that it was past the hour for school.

‘I know it,’ replied Sarah, ‘but my mother has given me leave to stay with you today.’

‘But you ought not to lose a single day,’ said Harriet, ‘if you mean to gain the prize.’

‘O,’ said Sarah, ‘I think I can afford to lose one day, at least,’ without letting her know her plan of giving up the school entirely.

The next day when Harriet again perceived that Sarah had no intention of going to school, she said to her, ‘You ought to go, Sarah; you will certainly lose the prize.’

‘But what if I had rather stay with you than have the prize?’

Tears started from Harriet’s eyes. She threw

her arms around Sarah's neck; 'O,' said she, 'forgive me, forgive me, for all my injustice to you;' and sobbed aloud.

'Forgive that ye may be forgiven, the Bible says,' replied Sarah; 'we all have our faults, and must mutually forgive each other.'

'You hav'nt a fault in the world, Sarah. O! if I only could be like you; but I cannot bear to have you lose the prize on my account; I can never consent to your making such a sacrifice; so, my dear Sarah, get your bonnet this moment, and hasten to school as fast as you can; but come back to me the moment it is out.'

'I have no wish to go,' said Sarah; 'if you desire my hapiness and allow me to be the judge of what will contribute most to it, you will not oppose my staying here with you until you are well enough to go out again.'

'You are too good Sarah;' was all the reply. Sarah then took a book to read aloud; and, Harriet who had been a good deal exhausted by the excitement of this conversation, soon fell asleep. Directly she began to talk in her sleep; 'Father, forgive, forgive;' she uttered in a low beseeching tone; then in an animated voice

exclaimed ‘ Sarah ; angel ; hallelujah ; hallelujah.’ Sarah moved to the bedside and took her hand. When she awoke, and her eyes met Sarah’s; ‘O Sarah,’ said she, ‘I saw you in my dream, looking as happy and beautiful as a celestial spirit. I was kneeling, trembling, and in tears, at the foot of the Bright One who seemed to hold a crown over your head; and when I saw him place it there, my prayer for forgiveness was instantly changed into a loud shout of praise.’

‘We are not quite in heaven yet,’ said Sarah, smiling; ‘but I hope we shall enjoy something a good deal like it here on earth.’

Sarah’s hope was fulfilled; she continued to be, as Harriet called her, a ministering angel, during the remainder of her sickness, and when Harriet appeared again among her companions, the kingdom of God seemed indeed to have come in her heart. Sarah never had occasion, and her other companions, hardly ever, to complain of her proud spirit again.’

‘O,’ said Mary; ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit,’ indeed, if they are like Sarah, and do

as much good. I will try myself to be like Sarah, mother.'

The first time, after their last conversation, that Mary perceived her mother sitting alone at her sewing, she claimed the promise she had made of taking the first opportunity she had, to explain to her the next beatitude. 'This is it, mother,' said she, reading from her little Testament—'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,'—this seems very strange to me,' she added, 'for I should think that mourners were the last persons that could be called blessed.'

'Perhaps,' said her mother, 'this is intended to apply chiefly to those who mourn for sin. No one can ever do this, without, at the same time, resolving to sin no more; and the resolution itself gives comfort, as I dare say you have often felt, when you have done wrong.'

'O yes, mother, when I got angry with little Grace, the other day,—for the first time, I believe, and I hope the last,---and teased and vex-

ed her and was very impatient with her, and you and father were displeased with me, it seemed to me I should die, but for the comfort of resolving that I would never do so again.'

'We may suppose, too, from the promises God makes to the penitent, that He gives comfort to their minds. But even those who mourn for friends or for any earthly good which they have lost, often find comfort, in the deepest affliction, if they seek it in God---in their firm belief that whatever he does is right, and that though he bitterly afflicts them, it is for their good. In such the blessed effects of affliction are seen in some improvement of their character. With them, its 'uses are sweet,' it makes them think more of heaven and try to be better prepared for it---it 'weans' them, as the scripture expresses it, from this world; which, when they are in grief, they see to be an unsatisfying world.'

'Well, mother, there is another thing that I can't understand---why this world, which seems to me a very happy world, should be called a vain world, a sorrowful world, and all such sorrowful expressions. Almost everybody I see,

looks happy---and I am sure, I am always very happy, that is, when I am good. Then we have so many things to make us happy---our pleasant homes--our kind friends---our entertaining books; our beautiful gardens of flowers, and orchards of fruit; our pleasant walks and rides; the green fields; the lofty trees and the glorious sun, moon, and stars. I am sure it is a beautiful world and a happy world.'

'It certainly is, my love, and we ought to receive and enjoy its good things, with a thankful heart, and with not only a contented, but a joyous spirit. Still, there are a great many forbidden trees in this paradise world, that are nevertheless, very fair and attractive to look upon---and there are a great many evil influences, which, though not embodied in the form of a serpent, are as subtle and dangerous as he was.'

'Now mother, I do not think I perfectly understand you.'

'Well, dear, I will explain myself. You know, I suppose, what I refer to, in speaking of the forbidden fruit and of the serpent.'

'O yes, to the story of Eve, in the garden of

Eden---but I do not think now of anything in this world that you can compare to them.'

'Anything, that you are ever tempted to do, or to indulge in, because you think it would be very pleasant, which, nevertheless, you know to be wrong, is 'forbidden.' And even though it may be something not positively wrong in itself, still, if there is any reason which would make it the occasion of sin to you, it is just as much forbidden fruit. It is not necessary to tell you that what are termed in scripture, 'the pleasures of sin,' nothing can ever excuse:---but there are many other pleasures, of a perfectly innocent nature, which, notwithstanding, are forbidden in some circumstances. Gay clothes and fine ornaments are forbidden to all but those who have a great deal more money than is sufficient for their necessary wants, and for their charitable duties. Even the reading of agreeable and useful books is a forbidden indulgence to those who need every moment of their time for the performance of positive duties. To ramble about in the woods or fields, the live-long day, as you would like to do, would be wrong, because you know that

some good portion of your time should be set apart for regular and useful occupation. The strawberries that the poor little girl, Julia Forbes, toils the long hot day to gather, are literally forbidden fruit to her, because the money she can sell them for is necessary to procure comforts for her sick mother; but, at the same time, it is right in you to purchase and eat them. All pleasures, of whatever kind, are forbidden, when our indulgence in them would interfere with any single duty.

‘O, now, mother, I see that the world is full of forbidden fruit, and I know there is hardly a day that I do not want to do something which either I cannot, or ought not to do---but when you use such big words, it always seems to me that you must mean something great and important.’

‘No, my dear, you will find, upon reflection, that our sins, as well as our pleasures, are often in little things. This world is one continued scene of temptation; full, as I said before, of evil influences; by which I mean all the motives, so numerous and so varied, which ever lead us to do that which is wrong; and

those who wish to be good can never be perfectly happy, so long as they are at all under the dominion of sin. Then, too, we are subject here to many calamities, such as the loss of friends, of health, of limbs, of reason, or of fortune, and finally, to death itself; all which are reasons why, as the scriptures express it, we should seek to 'lay up our treasure in heaven.' Young folks are not apt to think much, except on pleasant subjects; but if you will reflect one single moment, you cannot help remembering some scenes of misery, that you have yourself witnessed.'

'O! true, the poor family under the hill, who have suffered so much from sickness and poverty, that I cannot bear to see them. I once heard the poor child, who has had the consumption so long, say, she wished she was in heaven; and I am sure I wished so too. Then there is little Willy Freeman, who lost his mother the other day; very often when I go by now, I see him sitting in his grandmother's door, and his meek, placid look, always reminds me of what my dear little cousin Isabel said, once, when she was reading an ac-

count of some little orphan, and of his having been left alone in the world, when his father and mother died. When she came to this, she broke out, and exclaimed with great impetuosity, ‘He was not alone, he was not alone, God was with him.’ I thought God was with poor Willy.’

‘And so I am told he thinks, because his mother had taught him to believe that God would take care of him, and by and by, if he were good, would take him to heaven, where he would join her, and they would both dwell with God for ever; and he says, that while he can remember all his mother’s love, and can have his Bible to read, which she had told him was God’s message to him and to everybody, he would not be gloomy. Thus you see Willy is one of those of whom it may be said; ‘Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.’ He tries very hard to be good, and is laying up his treasure in heaven.’

Mary wiped away the tears which the conversation about Willy had brought into his eyes; and thought within her own little breast—‘heaven is a better place than this world, and

I will try to lay up my treasure there too.' Her mother said she could not stay to talk with her any longer then; but would resume these explanations some other time.

A few evenings after their last conversation, Mary and her mother were sitting alone together. 'Now, mother,' said Mary, 'will you explain to me another of those texts? To be sure, I am very busy reading my new book; but then, I can have that at any time to amuse me; and it is only now and then, that I can get a chance to have a good long talk with you.'

'Well, dear, since you prefer my conversation to your interesting book, I am sure I cannot refuse it to you; though I had just fixed my paper to write a letter. Get your Testament, and let us see what is the next verse.'

Mary did as her mother bade her, and read 'blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'

'Now, mother, what is meekness?'

‘It is something, my dear, like poverty of spirit; at least, one cannot exist without the other. Though the exercise of this virtue may be required in all situations and circumstances, I should rather think it would be particularly attributed to those, who, though eminent for goodness, or power, or some of those gifts, either of mind or of worldly circumstances, which are apt to excite vanity and pride are, nevertheless, humble, and, in their intercourse with those who are inferior to them, show no consciousness of superiority. Our blessed Saviour exemplified in his life, every virtue that he enjoined in his preaching: and perhaps none more remarkably than meekness. Though pronounced by a voice from heaven to be the beloved son of God, and though invested with such astonishing power, he was always, to use the Bible language, “meek and lowly.” You have yourself remarked what great simplicity there was in his manner of performing the most wonderful miracles, never doing anything with parade or ostentation. When he rebuked the raging of the sea, he said only, “Peace, be still.” When the leper tells him “Lord if thou

wilt, thou canst make me clean," he simply replies, "I will, be thou clean."'

'But mother, how can a little child, a poor, feeble, helpless little child, imitate Jesus in this virtue?'

'I will tell you, my dear; some children you know, are superior to others, they are the favorites, perhaps, of their friends or teachers; they are smarter at their lessons, more attractive in their looks; born of wealthier parents who can dress them better, and furnish them with many more advantages, and bestow upon them greater indulgences:---but a child who wishes to be like the blessed Saviour must never suffer herself to be elated by any of these things. You know what elated means, for you told me the other day, that you thought you should be very much elated, when you got a new hat. You meant only, perhaps, that you should be very joyful; but when children are so far elated, as to have their vanity excited, the temper of mind that is produced in them is sinful. If you happen to be superior in any one particular, to those with whom you associate, you must only be the more careful never to show any consciousness of your

superiority. This will only produce bad feeling in others, at the same time that it may cause mortification to them; whereas, if you have any superiority, you should value it, not for the sake of making a display; but only in proportion as you can turn it to the advantage of others; as it increases your usefulness, your means of doing good. Besides, the most favored child must not suppose that she may not learn something valuable, or have occasion to be thankful for some benefit, to the most lowly; God seems to have intended, that all classes should be mutually dependant upon each other.

‘To show that there may be occasion for meekness in our intercourse with all sorts of people, and how beautiful a virtue it is, I will tell you an anecdote of a lady I knew, who had a woman in her kitchen, for whose religious character she felt a great respect. Now you know there is always an acknowledged superiority, of a certain kind, on the part of the master and mistress over the servant. This woman was feeble, and worked hard. At the close of a day in which she had done a great deal, and got very much fatigued, the lady went

into her kitchen, and spoke sharply, with a good deal of impatience, when she found that some little thing, which she had requested might be done, had been omitted. I don't know what the woman replied, but as she did not think herself to have been in fault, she made no apology. The next morning, however, the lady who reproached herself very much, went into her kitchen and humbly begged the woman's pardon. Tears came into the good creature's eyes. "Now," said she, "this makes me think of what our minister says: that in the kingdom of Christ there are no masters or servants, but all are brethren."

Little Mary's face glowed with interest and pleasure during her mother's recital. 'O,' said she, 'that is indeed better than to behave towards servants as if they did not deserve the same kind and just treatment which our friends and equals receive from us. I will certainly try to be a meek little girl, and to remember always that "all men are brethren."'

'Yes, my daughter, keep that in mind, and you can never be arrogant in your intercourse with your inferiors. The proudest mortal is

after all, but a worm of the dust, doomed to death and the grave; and we cannot suppose that the distinctions which separate the different classes of society here, will ever be recognised in another world. The poorest saint in a worldly sense, may have the highest place at God's right hand. How foolish it is, then, to value ourselves for the things that perish; our strife should be to excel in virtue and wisdom and usefulness, as, in that way, we 'lay up our treasure in heaven.' The advantages of wealth, of beauty, of grace, of personal accomplishments, are confined to the body only; the mind, the immortal mind is not necessarily benefited by them, and though there must always be a separation between the different classes of society, yet it need never prevent us from treating all men as brethren, from living in the uniform exercise of good will, and kindness, and affability towards all.'

'I am not sure that I know exactly what you mean by affability, mother.'

'He may be said to be affable who treats all persons as if he was conscious of no superiority that made it proper for him ever to dispense

with that politeness and delicacy of manners, which he would use towards his equals. It is related of a governor of Virginia, (which, you know is a slave-holding state) that while he was talking one day with a merchant, a negro passed by and bowed to him. The governor returned the bow. The merchant expressed great surprise that 'his Excellency' should condescend so much as to bow to a negro. 'I should be very sorry,' he replied, 'to be out-done in civility by a negro.'

Mary's mother was just then putting up her work. 'O, do tell me, mother, what is meant by saying that 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'

I cannot tell, my dear, unless it is this—The meek claim so little, that they are apt to receive more than they claim, and are as well satisfied as if they had the homage of the world—while those who are always occupied with the idea of themselves, thinking whether they are properly appreciated, whether they are treated with proper consideration, &c., are liable to be constantly uneasy and dissatisfied.'

The next Sunday Mary rose very early, and began her Sunday lessons soon as she was dressed.

‘Why are you in such haste?’ said her mother.

‘Because, mother, I think, then, I shall be able to recite them in such good season, that you will have time left before tea, to explain another Beatitude to me.’

Her plan succeeded; and seated by her mother’s side with Testament in hand, she read ‘Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.’

‘Now,’ said she, ‘I can have no idea of what it is to hunger or thirst for anything but our daily food or drink.’

‘This,’ replied her mother, ‘is what is termed figurative language. Our Saviour here compares the strong and habitual desire which the good man feels, to do always that which is right; to perform every duty so well as to seem righteous in the sight of God; this he compares to the cravings of the hungry and thirsty, and in this way expresses the idea more forcibly, perhaps, than he could have done in any other.’

‘It reminds me, mother, of what he said of himself---that his meat and drink was to do the will of his Father in Heaven.’

‘I am very glad you recollect it, my dear. Your quotation is very appropriate, and will assist my explanation. To do the will of their Father in Heaven is likewise the meat and drink of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; and in saying that ‘they shall be filled,’ our Saviour gives the assurance that those who honestly and earnestly seek to do that which is right, shall not mistake their duty; and compares the satisfaction they will feel from the rewards of a good conscience, to that of being filled or satisfied with food. Not that the pleasure is not of a higher kind, but the same in degree; for, as the hungry man after eating a good meal, has his appetite perfectly satisfied; so, the good man in fulfilling his desires for holiness and usefulness, experiences a gratification which is full and complete.’

‘I am afraid,’ said Mary, ‘that it will be a great while before I can be said to hunger and thirst after goodness; though I am sure I like to see it in others, and to feel it in myself.’

‘And yet, my dear, a little child may have this strong desire, as well as an older person. The duties of children are, to be sure, confined

within a small sphere; but still they are important, and such as make them accountable to that great Being who has given them their existence and made them rational creatures. Youth is the time to fit ourselves for all that we are to do and to be in after life. You know I have often told you that unless you form a habit of neatness, for instance, or of application to your studies, now, you may never acquire it, and the same is true with regard to habits of virtue. Youth is the best, I had almost said the only season to form and fix them; and though you cannot be very useful now, perhaps, you may be careful and diligent in preparing yourself for future usefulness.

‘I should think, mother, that a person whose meat and drink it is to do their duty, must be always happy.’

‘They are certainly more sure of happiness than any other persons; because, though every other source of pleasure may fail, there is always duty to be done; and always the power of doing it. Duties are of a very different nature, in different circumstances. The healthy have active duties to perform, while the

sick, though apparently deprived of all their powers, may in fact, be doing even more good. To the rich, belong the duties of benevolence; to the poor, those of contentment and patience in tribulation. Poor old Mrs Seers, who has been bed-ridden so long, was complaining the other day that her usefulness was all gone. Her clergyman told her that there was no more useful class of people in the world, than the sick and sufferiug, who set an example of patience and submission; and I have often thought that the poor widow Morris, who labors so hard, so faithfully and patiently for the support and education of her children, fulfilled a far wider measure of duty, than the rich who subscribe ever so liberally to charitable objects.'

'But after all, mother, it seems to me that a little child can do nothing which shall entitle her to this beatitude.'

'Cannot a little child, my dear, be governed by a principle of obedience to the divine will, as well as an older person? Is not she as capable of being actuated by a sense of what is right, of what is her duty? Whatever she does for conscience' sake, be it ever so trifling,

she does because she believes it is the will, that is, according to the command, of her Father in heaven; and by making conscience her guide in all things, she will soon arrive at such a degree of virtue that it may be said, it is her meat and drink to do the will of her Father in Heaven.

‘It is a great mistake to suppose that all our little actions are beneath a heavenly rule. It is not so much what we do, as the motives and principles of our conduct, that give us favor in the sight of Him, who knows our secret thoughts. A little girl who is affectionate and obedient to her parents, kind and gentle to her brothers and sisters, and amiable and benevolent towards everybody, is doing the will of her Father in Heaven. If, in the exercise of these virtues, she is ready to sacrifice a favorite inclination, to subdue a bad passion, to repress an unkind emotion for conscience’ sake, she is certainly fitting herself to be numbered among the ‘blessed.’

‘But do not you think, mother, that some great trials of our virtue are necessary? Do not you suppose that Sally Newman practises

more virtue than I have an opportunity to practise, if I were ever so good ?'

'I think, my dear, that her conduct furnishes one of the most eminent instances of virtue that I ever knew. To bear so patiently with her stepmother's unkind treatment and passionate humor, and to be so faithful, and even tender, in taking care of her neglected children, and all without the hope of earthly reward or gain, but for the sake of a good conscience, is very uncommon merit. Her Father, who seeth in secret, will reward her openly. But it would have a very bad effect upon us, to be dissatisfied with our ordinary course of duty. He who has a high sense of duty, and looks well into his heart, will perceive how very far below a proper standard he is continually liable to fall, even in the ordinary occurrences of life.

'To whom was this very sermon of our Saviour addressed? Was it not to a mixed multitude of people, to whom his preaching could have had no reference, had not his instructions been intended to apply to all the common duties and circumstances of life ?'

‘Well, mother if I am only to be a good daughter, and a kind sister and friend, that seems very easy duty for me, who have no temptations to be otherwise.’

‘Never any temptations to be otherwise! Think a moment, my daughter, and I am sure you will find yourself mistaken.’

Mary blushed, as she recollected that only the very day before, when left to her own decision, as to indulging in some favorite holiday pursuit, which she knew very well her mother did not approve, she followed the bent of her own inclinations, rather than her mother’s wishes. She threw her arms about her mother’s neck---

‘You are right, mother,’ said she, ‘it is difficult to be good as we ought to be, in any situation; I will try to be better than I have been, and for conscience’ sake.’

So saying, she followed her mother at the sound of the bell which summoned them to tea.

‘I am glad,’ said Mary, when she was going

to bed, 'that there is to be a fast this week. It will be an excellent time to get another explanation of a beatitude from mother.' When the day arrived, she did not forget her project; but sat down by her mother as soon as they returned from church in the afternoon, and, as if it were all a matter of course, began to read, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'I have done quite too many merciful errands for a certain merciful lady not to understand what that means,' said she kissing her mother.

'But there are many other ways of being merciful besides giving to the poor,' said her mother, 'though that is a duty which our Saviour enjoins with great urgency; so much so, that in speaking of the final judgment, he represents himself as bidding the good into his Father's kingdom, because they had given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and kind attentions to the sick and the prisoner. Still, when we give of our abundance that which we shall never miss ourselves, it is no great merit, though it would certainly be very wrong to do otherwise. Your dear

aunt Maria, who has a good deal of money at her disposal, is very scrupulous about indulging herself in dress and ornaments, such as other ladies think quite indispensable: she prefers expending the money they would cost, in acts of benevolence. Wherever she is, the sick and the poor are her care; and she delights, too, in furnishing the means of education to intelligent little children whose parents are unable to afford them such advantages. Once I was with her when she was on the point of purchasing a pair of gold bracelets, which are really a convenient as well as an ornamental article of dress; but after turning them over in her hand a moment, she laid them down---it was on New Year's eve---she took the money she would otherwise have paid for the bracelets, and appropriated it to the purchase of books, which she presented as a new year's gift, to a poor little girl of her acquaintance.'

'O,' said Mary, 'I wish I could be like my dear aunt Maria, in this and everything else; but then I have no money, you know.'

'Still, my dear, if you wish it, I think I can put you in a way to cultivate just such a dis-

position for benevolence. To be sure you have no valuable toys to dispose of; no rocking horse to sell, as was the case with a little boy I heard of the other day.'

'O, do tell me about him, mother.'

'His name was Lewis, and I will call it **'THE STORY OF LEWIS AND HIS ROCKING HORSE.'**

'This little boy was walking with his mother one evening past a poor humble abode, where lived a widow with six young children. All the family were assembled in a corner of the yard; one little girl was crying bitterly, and the poor mother, who was a good woman, and labored hard for the support of her family, looked as if something had happened, that it was very hard for her to bear. On approaching nearer, they discovered a cow lying dead upon the ground. The little girl who had been crying, perceived something in the faces of Lewis and his mother that encouraged her to speak.

'Only see,' said she, 'our poor cow is dead, quite dead. She has been sick, and we could not cure her all we could do. She was a good

cow, she was, and she gave us our milk every morning and every night,' said the child, unconsciously patting the neck of the poor animal, 'and when Susy was milking her, I used to stand by and say the verses out of the book that the lady gave me---

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk, to soak my bread.'

And then Susy would let me go with her and drive her to pasture, and I would be good all day long, so that I might go at night too, and bring her home.'

Here the idea of all the pleasures she had lost quite overcame her, and she began to cry again. One of her sisters led her into the house, and then Lewis's mother made some kind inquiries of the poor woman about the loss of her cow, in such a way as to show that she felt sorry for her; for nothing is more acceptable to such people than some expressions of interest and sympathy.

The woman said she was a poor widow, and worked hard for the support of her children; with the help of her cow she had been able to keep them comfortable; but without that, she

feared they must suffer, as she had no means of buying another. Her lips trembled, and the tears stood in her eyes, though she looked meek and uncomplaining.

After saying that they wished her to send, every day, to them, for a pail of skimmilk, Lewis and his mother left her, promising to come and see her again.

The moment they were out of hearing, Lewis said, ‘ I hope father will buy the poor woman a cow, don’t you think he will, mother?’

‘ I fear, my dear, that he cannot afford such a sum as would be necessary; for, though he works hard at his profession, his means are no more than sufficient for our comfortable support.’

‘ O, I wish I was a man,’ said Lewis, ‘ and then I could do some work and get some money to buy a cow.’

‘ It is easier to feel kindly than to do a generous act,’ said his mother; ‘ now, I think you have the means, if you choose to use them, of buying a cow for this poor woman.’

‘ I have the means !’ said Lewis; ‘ how, what do you mean, mother?’

‘ You know the rocking horse your uncle gave you—you are very fond of it—and it gives you a great deal of pleasure; but do you think it is worth as much to you as a cow would be to that poor family ?’

Lewis looked thoughtful for a moment, and we are not sure that it was not quite as much to save himself from confessing his unwillingness to part with his favorite toy, (for after all, a rocking horse is but a toy,) as out of regard for the feelings of his uncle, that he replied, ‘ Why, mother, do you think it would be proper for me to part with my dear uncle’s gift?’

‘ I am quite confident,’ said his mother, ‘ that your uncle, so far from objecting to your parting with it, for such a purpose, would be gratified that you should do so—but I will not urge you; I had rather the matter should be left to the decision of your own feelings.’

‘ How do you know, mother,’ said Lewis, ‘ that the money I should get for my rocking horse, would be enough to buy a cow?’

‘ If not, my dear, I will wear my old coat another year instead of getting a new one in the fall, as I had intended, and the money which

would otherwise have been appropriated to its purchase, you shall have to make up the deficiency.'

It seemed to Lewis, at first, that he could not think of selling his rocking horse, of which he was very fond indeed. He was in the habit of getting upon it every day in the intervals of his lessons, and thought he could not possibly do without it.

The next day he repaired to it as usual, for his recreation, but he did not enjoy it as he had done before. Somehow or other it seemed to him like a forbidden amusement, in which it was wrong to indulge. That night he had a singular dream, which he related to his mother as being very curious indeed. He said he thought in his dream, that he was very hungry, and that he searched the house in vain for something to eat—not a scrap of anything could he find; that his mother seemed to pity him, and looked very sad, but knowing there was nothing in the house, did not say a word. He had been without food all day, and at length became perfectly ravenous. Then he remembered the cow, which he had seen standing in the yard, and went to try if he

could not get some of her milk. But lo ! and behold ! when he got to her he found, to his great consternation, that it was only a wooden cow, covered with skin, to look like a real cow—just as his rocking horse was made to look like a real horse.

His mother smiled at the dream, but Lewis looked very sober about it. ‘I suppose I know,’ said he, ‘what made me have that dream ; and if I can neither enjoy my horse in the day, nor sleep without having bad dreams at night, I think I may as well sell him at once.’

‘But I should be sorry,’ said his mother, ‘to have you influenced by such selfish motives in parting with your horse.’

‘Why, I do not think, mother, that they are entirely selfish. My dream waked me very early this morning, and while I was lying, waiting to hear somebody up in the house, I thought the matter all over, and came to the conclusion that I should enjoy more in seeing all those poor children come round the new cow with happy faces, and in thinking how much comfort they would have in her, than I ever did with my rocking horse, even before you suggested to me that I had bet-

ter give it up." Charles Rodman says his mother has long been wishing to buy him a rocking horse ; so if you please, mother, I will sell it to him ; and when, sometimes, I get thinking what I shall do to amuse myself, and begin to long for my horse again, I will just take a walk down to the poor woman's at milking time.'

His mother, of course, highly approved this plan : the horse was sold, and the cow purchased. Lewis's little sister insisted upon taking her spending money to buy a new milking pail and stool for Susy ; and Lewis experienced all the delight he had anticipated from seeing the joy which beamed in the faces of the whole family, when the cow was driven into the yard, and they were told it was to be their own.'

'O, mother,' said Mary, when the story was finished, 'how I wish I had a rocking horse to sell.'

'As I said before, my dear Mary, I can tell you something you can do towards providing yourself with the means of benevolence, and something, too, which will require, perhaps, more of an effort than Lewis was obliged to make, in parting with the horse.'

‘ What can you mean, mother ? ’

‘ You know, dear, that you are very careless of your books, and not very careful of your clothes. Now if you would thoroughly improve in these respects, I could well afford, from what you would save in that way, to give you, every six months, two or three useful books to send to that little cousin of yours at Chenango, who has such a passion for reading, and hardly any books at all. And besides these, I could also give you a good new garment for the poor invalid we have spoken of before, whose comfortless appearance has often excited your pity.’

‘ O, that would be delightful, mother, and I certainly will try my best.’

‘ Well, my daughter, only persevere in this determination, and you will certainly succeed. It is easier to make such a sacrifice as Lewis did, though it was a noble, generous act, and one to which few children, I fear, would be equal ; it is easier to make such a sacrifice, which is done in a moment, and the full reward of which is immediately enjoyed, than to persevere in a continual succession of efforts, day after day, and month after month, whose recom-

pense is still uncertain, until the term of trial is completed ; and even if secure, would seem to you very remote. But try, my dear, and I am sure you will accomplish it. If not, there will be so much lost to the needy, and you must bear the reproach.'

'After all, mother, it will be but very little that I can give, compared to what Lewis gave.'

'Console yourself, then, with recollecting the commendation which our Saviour bestowed upon the poor woman who cast two mites into the treasury. I remember when you were a very little girl, and were reading this account, you laughed outright, at the idea that anybody should think of casting two mites into the great treasury; but you soon found that our Saviour considered this action highly praiseworthy. It is undoubtedly recorded to show us that it is not how much we give, but how much in proportion to our ability, that constitutes the merit of our benevolent deeds.'

'You said, mother, that there were other ways of being merciful besides by giving alms, as the scripture expresses it : what other ways did you mean ?'

‘ You may show a merciful spirit, my dear, by bestowing kind attentions and speaking words of kindness, when you have no money to give, and often, when money would not be received, for the rich may sometimes be as thankful for these, as the poor. You may, likewise, show a merciful spirit by being tender to the feelings of others ; careful never to say or do anything that shall offend or give pain ; and, above all, you may be tender of the reputations of others, never joining in illnatured censure, but being always anxious to screen from observation, so far as you can, the faults of those with whom you associate, and bring into notice their good qualities. And now, dear, I cannot talk with you any longer ; we must wait till another time for the explanations that remain.’

‘ I wish you could talk with me more now,’ said Mary, ‘ but I know I ought not to ask it of you, you have already been so very kind.’

Some time elapsed after this before Mary had a chance to obtain another precious hour for these favorite explanations. At length, one evening when they were left almost alone together, she waited with impatience she could hardly help expressing, for the last visitor to take his leave, and when he did so, exclaimed, ‘Now, mother, we are all alone, and though it is nearly my bedtime, will you not let me sit up long enough to hear you talk with me about the beatitudes, and I will get up just as early tomorrow, and be very diligent.’

‘Well dear, let us begin at once then,’ replied her mother.

Mary eagerly took her little Testament from the shelf—‘Here we begin tonight,’ said she—‘“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Now, mother, who are the pure in heart.’

‘They are those, my dear, who, in everything they do, are actuated by the best intentions, and whose motives are, in fact, what they seem to be. Many people in this world get credit for goodness they do not possess—what appears so good in them may proceed from a

selfish or unworthy motive. You are not yet quite old enough to be told in how many, and in what ways, an older person may be faulty in this respect—but when I apply what I say to children I think you will understand me at once.

‘ A little child may be generous, merely because she wishes her generosity should be admired, and not because she really thinks ‘ it is more blessed to give than to receive :’ she may be good natured, and obliging to her companions—not from a sincere desire to promote their happiness—but because she likes to make herself a favorite among them, or in other words, loves popularity: she may be assiduous in her studies from a desire to eclipse some rival, perhaps, or to obtain a prize, rather than from a sense of the value of time, and the duty of improving, to the utmost, her opportunities for spending it profitably: she may tell the truth---not so much from a principle of obedience to the command of God, or from aversion to falsehood, as from a fear of being disgraced: she may go to church merely to pass off time, to look about, or to exhibit some new article of dress---rather than from any desire to be in-

structed by the sermon, or to join in the worship: and she may say her prayers only to avoid reproof for neglecting them---and not because she loves to thank God for his goodness, or to seek his favor. In all these instances she would not only act from unworthy motives, but in most of them, she would expect that her motives would seem better than they really were.'

'O, mother,' said Mary, 'how can we help being governed by some of these wrong motives—it seems to me almost impossible.'

'It is very difficult, I admit, my dear Mary; but that is a reason not, for discouragement but for greater care and watchfulness. The pure in heart love virtue for its own sake, and because it is pleasing to God. To gain his approbation, should be the first motive of all, young and old. I know it is difficult for little children to keep this motive always in their minds; it is so much more natural for them to be occupied with whatever is present to their senses, through the medium of which the mind is continually furnished with ideas, than with the thought of Him whom they can

neither see nor comprehend. They should try to think of him always, as in that relation in which he seems pleased to represent himself as their Heavenly Father—and when they remember how sad it is to grieve or offend their earthly parents, they must consider how much more sinful it is, to offend Him, to whom they owe a great deal more—who is not only their kind Father in Heaven, but a holy being who ‘cannot look upon iniquity but with abhorrence’—and an omniscient being, that is a being who knows all things, who sees their hearts and knows all their thoughts.’

‘O, mother,’ said Mary, ‘when I think of all this, it makes me afraid that I can never please him as I ought.’

‘Well, my dear, in proportion to your fear must be your carefulness; and you know, for your encouragement, that this great Being is very merciful and forgiving, and that he promises his aid to all that seek it. When a temptation is presented, you can ask for strength to resist it, and every day, when you pray ‘Deliver me from evil,’ you must remember that the greatest of all evils is sin.’

‘I suppose, mother, said Mary, that hypocrites, such as the Pharisees, are farthest of all, from being “pure in heart.”’

‘Yes, my dear, they sought only the praise of such men as could be imposed upon by mere appearance, and their ostentatious parade of fasts, and prayers, and almsgivings, was so much the more offensive, because they were notorious for violating many of the moral duties of life. Having no principle of virtue, they substituted or endeavored to substitute the appearance for the reality; a foolish, idle vanity was the only motive that governed them, and our Saviour used harsher language towards them than towards any other people. This vanity, this love of admiration is but too apt to take the place of better motives in the minds even of the virtuous, though one would suppose it might be always prevented by the reflection that God, whom it most concerns us to please, sees the springs of all our actions, though they are hidden from the eyes of the world.’

‘I should think, mother, that the conduct of the two gentlemen that father was mentioning last night, afforded a good illustration of

proper and improper motives; such as we have been considering.'

'What do you allude to, my dear? I do not think I heard what he said.'

'He was telling aunt Maria, that he had often heard Mr Shore admired for his great liberality, especially in making large subscriptions and donations to all charitable objects, and contrasted with Mr Home, who uniformly refused to give anything for such purposes, and was loudly and universally accused of avarice.

'Now,' said he, 'it is ascertained that Mr Shore is deeply in debt, and has actually robbed from his creditors all the money with which he has been making such a show of benevolence; while Mr Home, who formerly failed for a large amount, and obtained a release from his creditors, after paying them all he could, has been all this time saving every cent that he could spare from his actual necessities, and patiently submitting to all the reproaches that have been cast upon him, until, at length, he has completely discharged his debts.' Father explained to me what was meant by a failure, and I could not help admir-

ing Mr Home very much, though I did not think of applying to him the phrase 'pure in heart,' until since we have been talking together.'

'Your anecdote is a very pleasing one, and very much to the point, my dear Mary. You perceive that it must have been vanity that led Mr Shore to prefer a show of virtue to real uprightness of conduct; and that Mr Home was too much governed by his conscience, by a principle of duty, to let any other motive influence him.'

'But though our desire to please the world may lead us astray so much,' said Mary, 'it surely is not wrong for us to wish to please our friends.'

'O no, my dear: that wish to please our friends which springs from our love to them, is a very different thing from that wish to please the world which is the result of vanity; and we should be thankful to God, that he has furnished us with so many motives to goodness, which are delightful as well as commendable. What can be more agreeable to a good little girl, than to conduct in such a manner as will make

her truly beloved by all those she most wishes to please; and this she can effect, by doing those things which are pleasing in the sight of God. She must be very careful, however, that she is never tempted to appear better than she really is, and to receive undeserved praise. I remember being very much pleased with a little incident that occurred during my visit at your aunt's, last summer. One morning, your little cousin Julia got up very early, and took a long walk before breakfast. Her father had often expressed a wish that she should do so regularly; but as he did not actually lay his commands upon her, and she loved her bed dearly, she had not been able to overcome the repugnance she felt to leaving it, at an earlier hour than usual. On this occasion he commended her resolution, and praised her very much, saying, that she never pleased him so well as when she gave up her own pleasures, whether they were of lying in bed, or anything else, for the sake of gratifying him. Julia burst into tears. This seemed very strange to her father, and he insisted on knowing what was the matter. 'Why, father,' said she, 'I did not take the walk

this morning to please you, but because Henry bet a shilling last night, that I should not take one walk, before breakfast, the whole summer, and I wanted to gain the shilling.' Julia is extremely fond of her father, and values his praise more, almost, than anything else, so that the sorrow she felt from the consciousness of not deserving it, in this instance, made it very hard for her to own that she did not; and her frank confession showed great strength of principle. Perhaps, there is no greater temptation ever presented to the mind of a child, than that of withholding the truth, when by letting herself be judged merely by what is seen, she will appear to much better advantage than if the real truth were known.'

'I think, mother,' said Mary, after expressing her admiration of her cousin's frankness, 'that Julia must be a very true little girl.'

'Yes, my dear, I have no doubt that she has a perfectly honest mind; for it is not in speaking the truth, merely, that falsehood is to be avoided. That thorough principle of truth which produces perfect sincerity of character and conduct, is indispensable to purity of heart;

it is a most important safeguard against the seductions of that vanity which, as I have told you before, so often tempts us to give false impressions of ourselves,—or to let them remain when they have been given unintentionally,—that we may appear in the most favorable light.’

‘One thing more, mother, and then, if you please, we will proceed to the next beatitude. The pure in heart, it is said, ‘shall see God’—what is meant by that?’

‘I suppose, my dear, that in consequence of their own purity they have a clearer perception or understanding of his glorious purity. We are said, you know, to be created in his image, that is, with intelligent faculties capable of being directed to the wisest and best purposes; in proportion to our abuse of these faculties, this image is defaced; and in proportion to our right use of them, it is retained; blessed indeed are they who, by keeping it pure and spotless, most nearly resemble, and can best comprehend the great and holy being who made them. This image is a more glorious ‘pattern’ than that shown to Moses on the mount, ‘of the tabernacle,

and all the instruments thereof,' about which you have exercised your imagination so much.'

'Thank you, my dear mother: and now I will read the next.'

'No, my daughter, it is quite too late; I cannot let you sit up any longer; but tomorrow evening your father will be absent again, and then I shall have another opportunity to talk with you.'

'Blessed are the peacemakers.' 'I think I shall like to hear about the peacemakers,' said Mary, the next evening, as she claimed her mother's promise. 'I believe I know, mother, who are the peacemakers,' she continued, 'for often, when I am with a number of girls together, some seem very desirous that all should agree, and are willing to give up their own wishes in the choice of a play, or as to the manner of spending their time, for the sake of peace—while others are not willing to

up anything. Some are not at all careful about giving offence, and say unkind words, or do unkind things—while others are careful not only to do nothing which shall offend, but if an offence is committed against them, they easily forgive it; if an angry word is spoken, they give that soft answer, which, as the Bible says, ‘turneth away wrath.’

‘I am glad to find, my dear, that you apply the precepts of scripture to your own conduct and that of others; and I was very much pleased with the soft answer you returned the other day to your impatient little brother, when he reproached you so angrily for having destroyed, as he supposed for your own amusement, the little block-house he had been building; and, notwithstanding, that in his impetuosity, he spilled the ink, and spoiled the letter you had been writing, you spoke very gently to him and said, ‘Why, George, I did not mean to knock down your house, and I will build you another, directly.’ Then, you know, he not only recovered his good humor, but looked very sorrowfully at the mischief he had done; whereas, if you had replied to him in the same tone

which he used towards you, you would only have exasperated him still more.'

'Well, mother, I must confess I was a good deal vexed at first, and was upon the point of telling him so; but I suddenly recollected what I had learned about the soft answer.'

'A great many of the wrong things we do, my dear, would be prevented by a little reflection. From mere want of consideration, unjust reproaches and accusations are often hastily made, and these are the occasion of a great deal of angry feeling. If little George had given himself time to think a moment, he would have known that your frock caught his blocks by mere accident, as you passed along. But we cannot expect much reflection in young children, and, therefore, should exercise towards them a great deal of forbearance. Some children, too, have naturally better tempers than others, and every allowance should be made for constitutional infirmity.'

'I never shall forget, mother, what you told me Doctor Priestley said to his grand-daughter, just before he died:---"Remember, little thing, the hymn you have learned--- Birds in their little nests agree."'

‘I am glad that it made so deep an impression upon your mind,’ said her mother; ‘and the Bible, too, says, you know—‘Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ It is so good and so pleasant, that I am anxious to point out to you, whatever is most apt to disturb such harmony between brothers and sisters.

‘One of the most fruitful sources of ill-temper, among children, is *teasing*, crossing each other’s inclinations, just by way of amusement, which, though begun pleasantly enough, is sure to end in a quarrel. This teasing is always very wrong; but it is particularly so, when practised on the part of those who are older, towards those who are too young to defend themselves. Good-natured as you are, my little daughter, I have seen you do this sometimes, and I have seen those who are a good deal older than you, do it. Little children are easily troubled; their own pleasures, however trifling, seem as important to them as our more serious concerns do to us. When little Grace is rolling her marbles about the floor, suddenly to gather them all up, and place them out of her reach; when she

is holding her hand for a bit of apple or anything else you may be offering to her, suddenly to withdraw it, twenty times over, perhaps, just as she thinks she has it; when she is standing at the window, intently gazing on some object in the street, to take her forcibly away—and all this, just to amuse yourself with her impatience and passion—is worse than if you were to burn her fingers, or feed her with something hurtful—because the injury done to her temper is of a more serious nature, and not so easily remedied—it cannot be cured with salve or medicine.’

‘I am glad you have mentioned my fault,’ said Mary, ‘for I never thought before of its being so wrong; and now I will try to avoid it most carefully, together with everything else that a peacemaker should avoid.’

‘You recollect how much interested you was, the other day, in reading the account of our Saviour’s birth, and of the glory of the Lord that ‘shone round about,’ when the angel announced the event—and of the ‘multitude of the heavenly host’ that were suddenly with him, saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace*, and good will towards men.’

The religion which our blessed Saviour taught is eminently a religion of peace and good will; and the 'peacemakers' seem to repeat the glad proclamation which accompanied his birth.'

'Yes, mother,' said Mary, whose imagination easily kindled, 'and there is a glory shining round about them.'

'You are right, my dear; there is nothing more beautiful than the gentle offices of peace and good will. These offices are constantly needed in the familiar intercourse of life, and children can perform a share of them. Where there is a contentious spirit, every word that is spoken, every circumstance that happens, may afford an opportunity for its indulgence; but to one whose disposition is peaceable, there hardly ever seems to arise any occasion for a quarrel, or for angry feeling.'

'I know, mother, that we should not get into any quarrels ourselves; but how can we help, sometimes, taking a part in the quarrels of others; if it so happens that one of those who are at variance is much more our favorite than the other, and we think she has been injured, how can we help taking her part?'

‘But you must help it, my dear, if you do not wish to exasperate her still more and increase the difficulty of a reconciliation, which, on the contrary, you should use all the means in your power to promote ; saying and doing everything you can to pacify the angry feelings of both.’

‘I think it is tolerably easy,’ said Mary, ‘not to resent slight offences, but when some one does or says what I think is very, *very* wrong, and very unjust, either to me, or to anybody that I love, I am angry and ready to quarrel about it, before I think of it ; and it seems to me as if I could not possibly help being so.’

‘Recollect, my dear Mary, our Saviour’s conduct towards Peter when he had thrice denied that he had ever been with him or knew anything about him ; and this, too, at a time when it was particularly base and cruel to desert him, just as he had been delivered into the hands of cruel enemies. Did he overwhelm him with angry reproaches ? No ; the scripture says, ‘the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and he went out and wept bitterly.’ I suppose that look expressed tenderness mingled with

grief, which affected Peter more and made him feel more penitent, than the severest reproof would have done.'

'It must have been a beautiful look, mother, and I will try to remember what you have here said about it.'

'Our Saviour, in bidding us 'overcome evil with good,' showed not only an exalted morality, but an intimate knowledge of the principles of our nature. There is hardly anything so bad in the disposition of another towards us, that it cannot be cured by kindness. I once had a neighbor of a very jealous disposition, who got seriously offended with me for some slight she fancied she had received—so much so, that she would hardly speak to me, and said a great many unkind things, which were designed to create bad impressions of me in the neighborhood; but I did not change my manners towards her, and took care to improve every opportunity that occurred, of doing her a neighborly kindness, so that, in time, she completely recovered her good humor, and as I had good reason to believe, felt very much ashamed of her conduct towards me.'

‘That makes me think, mother, of a little girl at school, Emily Holmes. She once lent a lead pencil to one Jane Sharpe, who is notorious for her bad temper; and Jane, getting angry, because Emily wanted it, and insisted upon having it back again before she had done with it, threw it into the fire. It so happened, that soon after this, Emily’s uncle made her a present of a large bunch of pencils; which she took to school for the purpose of distributing them among the girls. One said ‘I would not give Jane Sharpe any,’ and another added ‘O! no, it is an excellent opportunity to revenge yourself,’ but Emily gave no heed to them, and Jane shared with the rest. She looked really mortified, however, and Emily says she has been perfectly good natured to her ever since.’

‘And did you not admire Emily’s conduct in this instance?’

‘O yes, mother, certainly, I did, though some of the girls seemed quite to despise her for it; remarking that Emily had no spirit at all. I admire the peace-making system in its effects, very much, though it seems to me, that it is

not easily adopted in all cases. Have you any farther advice or warning to give me on the subject?’

‘Yes, my dear, there is one very important thing to be observed by those who wish to promote peace, that I have not yet mentioned; and that is an extreme carefulness in not repeating to one person what you may have heard said to his disadvantage by another. Such remarks are sometimes made accidentally or thoughtlessly; or, perhaps sometimes unavoidably, and it should be considered the positive duty of those who hear them not only never to repeat them intentionally—but to observe the strictest caution in regard to them. The Bible says, ‘the words of a talebearer are as wounds; and where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth.’ If you have ever had an angry or a painful feeling excited in this way, you know why you should be very careful not to occasion anything of the same kind in the same way.’

‘I have felt these wounds, mother, many times; for there is one acquaintance of mine who seems to delight in treasuring up everything

she ever hears to my disadvantage, and then repeating it to me. I was made very unhappy by it at first, but I soon found out that in her extreme anxiety to find something of the kind to tell of, she would frequently mistake the intention of what was said, and sometimes, I suspected, misrepresent it on purpose. Once I remember, she told me that my favorite friend, Sally Morgan, said I was the silliest girl she ever knew; I thought this was very strange for her to say, and determined I would speak to her about it. She laughed, and said 'that mischievous child told you only a part of what I said, which was, that you was the silliest girl I ever knew, because you bore with all the girls' humors and did not stand up for your own rights more.'

'Well, my dear, as a general rule, it is always fair to distrust habitual talebearers, because, as they can be actuated by no good motives, it is reasonable to doubt whether they always use fair means. I could tell you a good many instances of very serious mischief produced in this way, besides that 'strife' which the text speaks of; but at present, I choose to confine myself

to those consequences of talebearing which are so destructive to 'peace.' And since you see, my dear Mary, how odious and sinful a vice it is, be careful lest you should sometimes be guilty of it, from mere indiscretion.'

'I certainly will, mother, be very careful. I dislike very much to see quarrelling; and above all I should feel ashamed and sorry to be the occasion of making a quarrel.'

'You remember, Mary, what you always say is your favorite text in the whole Bible.'

'O yes, mother, it is always that beautiful one, 'God is love; and whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.'

'How should we all seek, then, to dwell in love! It is said of the apostle John, who, you know, was the 'beloved disciple,' that he lived to a great age, and was often saying to the Christians that surrounded him, 'My little children, love one another;' and if you will think one moment, my dear Mary, you will recollect how beautiful every exhibition of harmony and love, which we witness among animals, appears to us; how beautiful to see the hen with her chickens, the 'birds in their little

nesses agree,' and the faithful, tender dove. Thus you perceive that God has written the law of love on his works, as well as in his word; that it may be constantly impressed upon our minds in all its force and beauty.'

Perhaps some little girls will wonder what Mary's mother could have to say to her on the subject of the next and last beatitude. 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.' Mary wondered too, and said to her mother, that though she did not see how she was liable to be persecuted, even if she had any righteousness, yet still she should like to know what was meant by persecution.

'When you are old enough to read church history,' her mother replied, 'you will perceive how much the immediate followers of Christ needed the promise and encouragement con-

tained in this beatitude. Persecution is unjust, unkind, or cruel treatment designedly inflicted by one person upon another; and the early Christians suffered the most dreadful kind of persecution—bodily torture and death. The Jews, who lived at the time of our Saviour's birth, expected that the promised Messiah who had been predicted long before in the writings of their prophets, would be a great king, clothed with splendor, and invested with power and riches; who would “restore again the kingdom to Israel,” for then the Jews had long ceased to be a nation, and Judea had become a Roman province. Accordingly, when Jesus, of a lowly birth, the son of a carpenter, so poor that he had not where to lay his head, and who declared that his kingdom was not of this world, was proclaimed the Messiah, the Jews, many of them, were enraged both at him and at them who believed in him. Their dislike was confirmed, and their fury increased when they found that both by the purity of his life and by the doctrines he taught, he reproved them for their sins, and that the religion which he preached, not only expressly forbade many vices in which

they had been accustomed to permit themselves a free indulgence, but also condemned some practices for which they gave themselves great credit, and on account of which, they were disposed to thank God, like the Pharisee, that they were not as other men. The Romans, too, and all who had heard of this new religion were offended for the same reason, that it required such strict purity of life. Consequently, those who became Christians, and acknowledged themselves believers in Jesus, as the promised Messiah, were surrounded by enemies on every side; both among the Gentiles and the Jews. Gentiles, you know, is a word used in distinction from Jews; all besides Jews are Gentiles.'

'O mother; how could they be angry at such a blessed being, and at those who loved him, and tried to be like him?'

'When people are so very sinful, my dear, they see no beauty in goodness. The Romish religion was Pagan, you know: all that it required of its votaries was, to offer certain sacrifices and observe certain festivals; of course, there was nothing in it calculated to touch the heart

or improve the character, nothing of a purifying or saving influence. The Jews, who in the time when they were under the immediate and almost visible guidance of God, were often rebellious and idolatrous, relapsed more and more into vice after they had ceased to be a nation, and became dispersed throughout the heathen world. The Christians, therefore, suffered great persecution from both these; spies were constantly employed, and those who were known, or even suspected to have become Christians, were often condemned to the most cruel punishments. The Apostles, many of them, suffered violent deaths, though the Bible gives us no account of them. Peter is said to have been crucified with his head downwards; and Paul is supposed to have been beheaded. The accused were often put to dreadful torture, for the purpose of inducing them to renounce Christianity, and return to Paganism or Judaism: if they persisted in refusing to do so, they were condemned; some to be burned alive, others to be thrown to wild beasts in a public show, and all to suffer death in the most horrible modes that could be devised.'

‘O, pray don’t tell any more about it, mother, only how long they had to suffer so, and whether any, for the sake of getting rid of such torture, denied the Saviour, like Peter.’

‘They were never safe in the exercise of their religion until about three hundred years after our Saviour’s birth, when the emperor Constantine became, himself, a christian;—and though they did not suffer at all times equally, yet they were continually liable to persecution. The instances however were comparatively very few, in which the sufferers were induced, for a moment, to renounce their new religion, and sometimes, when this was done, under the influence of what seemed insupportable torture, the individual, restored to liberty, repented of his weakness, and confessing Jesus again, voluntarily submitted himself to the same torture, and to death.’

‘O,’ said Mary, ‘how they must have loved to think of what our Saviour said—Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake. Has there ever been any persecution since, mother?’

‘O yes, my daughter; ever since the Christians have ceased to be persecuted by others,

they have had persecutions among themselves. Because all did not think exactly alike on religion more than on other subjects; they have quarrelled about their religious opinions, and the stronger party has persecuted the weaker in all ages of the church.'

'But how can those who believe in Jesus and profess to love him, quarrel with each other.'

'It is very sad, my dear Mary, that they should do so, and very, *very* wicked.'

'Well, is there any persecution now, mother?'

'There is none, I believe of the kind I have been speaking of, that is, bodily torture and death—except in Spain and her dominions, where there is a tribunal called the Inquisition, which you shall read an account of, when you are old enough. There are many other modes of persecution, however, which you are too young to understand at present; but you are quite old enough, my dear Mary, to be thankful that you live in a time when every person may profess his belief in what he thinks is the truth, without endangering his life or fortune—and all may worship God according to their

conscience. If you had lived in the time of our Saviour, or in the first two or three centuries after him, and had been taught his religion and tried to practise it, your own parents even, if they had not been Christians too, might have thought it their duty to give you up to be torn of wild beasts. Such was the miserable ignorance of those who lived in that period.'

'Well, I am sure we ought to be very good ---when it is so easy to be good---and instead of being punished for it, we are liked better by those whom we really wish to please.

'Yes, my dear, we are without excuse---for though we may be persecuted it is not in a way from which we shrink as the flesh shrinks from the action of fire or the touch of the knife.'

'Mother, do you suppose that a little child is ever persecuted now?'

'Yes, my dear, little children are persecuted for righteousness' sake, whenever, by pursuing a right course of conduct in opposition to the feelings, or wishes, or habits of those who are less scrupulous than themselves---they incur their ridicule, contempt, censure, or ill will,

or are subjected to suffering of any kind whatever. Have you never seen this species of persecution?

‘O yes, mother, if that is persecution, I have seen a good deal of it: there are always those who are ready to ridicule and condemn in others, what they do not like to practise themselves; though sometimes, I think it is because they are thoughtless, rather than malicious.’

‘I dare say that is often the case, my dear, and we should always endeavor to interpret the wrong conduct of others favorably as possible; but still, whatever the motive of such conduct may be, its effect upon us is equally painful and disagreeable.’

‘Yes, indeed,’ said Mary, ‘there is nothing in the world, except the displeasure of my friends, that I am so afraid of, as ridicule.’

‘That is very natural, my dear, and therefore you will have the greater merit whenever you persevere, in spite of ridicule, in whatever you think is your duty.’

‘I am afraid I shall be more apt to turn aside than to persevere, mother. I remember that, last summer, when our wild cousin John was

here, he happened to come into the room one day when George and I were saying our prayers, and he mocked us: after that I did not like to have him know when we said our prayers; but it made me feel very uncomfortable, to think that I was ashamed of saying my prayers. He was constantly laughing at me, too, for being as he called it 'in leading strings,' because I would never go away with him or enter into any of his schemes, without first asking your leave, as you had always taught me to do; and I was so afraid of his ridicule—for he was more tormenting in this way than any one else that I have ever seen—that I used frequently to ask you beforehand when I thought he was going to propose anything to me, what I should do, so that I might appear to decide for myself. I blamed myself that I had not more courage in doing what was right, being constantly afraid I should yield to him—and so, at last, it happened; for, one Sunday, when he asked me just to take a little walk down in the meadow by the river with him—a request which I had not foreseen—I consented to go, though I knew I ought not, without consulting

you, and that it was almost certain you would not have given your consent, if I had asked it. There, in the meadow, we idled away the whole afternoon, but I felt very uneasy, and did not enjoy it at all. That night I prayed that God would forgive me; and then, and every night afterwards, while he stayed, when I repeated, in my prayer, the petition "lead me not into temptation," I thought of that particular temptation. I determined too, from that time, that I would no longer be ashamed of openly asking your leave, when I wanted it—and found that, much as I dreaded his ridicule, it was easier to bear it than it was to endure the reproaches of my conscience.'

'You find, my dear, that 'blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake;' and since you so freely confess your faults, and are so ready to reproach yourself, I am disposed to remind you for your future encouragement, of one or two instances in which your sense of duty prevailed over your fear of ridicule, in a manner that gratified me very much.'

'I shall be very glad if you will, mother; but I am sure I have not the slightest idea what it is to which you allude.'

‘ You know, last summer, when we instituted our little Sunday school for the black children, and were anxious that you and a few of your companions should go, by way of encouraging the others, and setting an example of regular attendance and good scholarship, all the girls, but you, refused ; and you thought you could not possibly go alone, until your father reminded you that it was your duty to embrace every opportunity of doing good, no matter how small or trifling it might seem ; so you determined upon it at once, and persevered, in spite of the laugh of all the girls, and the titles which were bestowed upon you of Miss Blackamoor, and the young African princess.’

‘ Well, mother, I was never sorry, though it was very disagreeable at first ; for I really believe that a good many of the little black children learned and behaved better for my being with them, and some of them got quite fond of me.’

‘ Nobody is ever sorry for doing what is right from a conscientious motive. The beatitudes include all virtues, you know ; so that none can go unrewarded. The other instance I was go-

ing to mention of your perseverance in spite of difficulties, in what you believed to be right, occurred at the time of your 4th of July party, two years ago. The mother of one of the little girls, you remember, had given a famous great loaf of cake, which was to be called the Washington loaf, and which the managers wished to ornament with a superb bunch of artificial flowers, to be purchased by subscription among themselves.'

'O yes, I remember it very well, mother, and I told them I thought it would be a foolish way of spending our money, and that a bunch of flowers from the garden would look just as well. You had often talked to me about its being wrong for those, who had but little money to give away, to bestow any of it upon trifles ; and I was, in fact, keeping my spending money to buy some comforts for old Mrs Warner—but I did not like to tell the girls so, because the scripture says we must not let our left hand know what our right hand doeth. So some of them sneered, and said I was so close-fisted they did not see how I could open my hand wide enough to pick even a flower from the

garden ; and others said, that one might be excused for refusing money on most any other occasion—but on the 4th of July—the glorious 4th of July—they did not see how an American girl could have the heart to refuse anything. I thought the girls were unkind, but I did not know that their conduct towards me could be called persecution.’

‘ It is only in these little ways, and on such trifling occasions, that children are liable to be persecuted ; and it is only in these small ways that the habit of patiently enduring “ persecution for righteousness’ sake ” can be acquired. I will tell you a story of a little girl I knew when I was a young lady, that bore persecution for righteousness’ sake, as I thought heroically.’

‘ O do, mother—and what will you call it ?—for, as I have told you before, I always like to have a name to a story.’

‘ Well, then, it shall be called “ THE STORY OF JULIA AND HER STRAWBERRY BED.” ’

‘ This little Julia was a sweet child, the daughter of a friend of my mother, to whom I was paying a visit at the time when what I am going to tell you happened. Julia’s mother had just

then taken into her family an orphan boy, the son of a distant relative, about three years older than Julia—a spoiled, thoughtless child, who had always been permitted to do pretty much as he chose. He was very fond of what he called fun, which consisted in putting tricks upon people, and then laughing at the mischief they occasioned. He was not an ill-natured boy, but as I said before, he was thoughtless, and had never been blessed with judicious friends who could show him how wrong his conduct often was, and teach him that he ought to have some regard to the rights and interests of others, as well as to his own amusement. He teased and tormented poor little Julia unmercifully, by trying to persuade her to join with him in his mischievous sports, and then ridiculing her if she would not. He was so cheerful and pleasant, withal, and, as Julia said, had such a coaxing way with him, that it sometimes seemed almost impossible to resist him.

One day they were in the garden playing together, directly under my chamber window, and I overheard him say, ‘Now, Julia, I have thought of some capital fun—and it will not do anybody any harm, either.’

‘I do not believe that, James,’ said she, ‘but what is it?’

‘Why, you know that poor lone man that you and I call the hermit; he has a strawberry bed in his little yard, or garden, or whatever you call it, that some good soul planted for him last year, and he was telling me last night, how many strawberries he should get from it; and, that though he was too blind to work much in his garden, he thought he could pick the fruit, and that would be pleasanter, even than the eating of it. Now, I was thinking,’ said James, ‘that the next time you and I went to walk in that lot close by his house, we would manage to go between five and six in the afternoon, when the old man goes every day to the school house for the master to read to him.’

‘O now, stop,’ said Julia, ‘you need not tell me any more, for if you want to manage to be there when old John is away, I know you are going to do something wrong.’

‘O, poh! Julia, now do just hear me through, if you please, and then, when you know what my scheme is, you will have some right to say whether it is a naughty one; but not till then.’

‘ Well, go on, but I know I shall not agree to it.’

‘ O yes you will, Julia; all I want of you is just to help me take up the strawberry plants and put some dandelion roots in the place of them; he is too blind to discover the trick, and then it will be so funny, by and bye, to see him poking with his fingers among dandelion roots for strawberries.’

‘ O,’ said Julia, ‘ how can you propose such a cruel thing, James; cruel, and not very honest, either, I think.’

‘ Why, as to the cruelty,’ said James, we are all liable to disappointments, and old John’s will be no greater than if there should happen to be a drought which would prevent the strawberries from ripening, as I have known happen more than once in my short life—and as for the dishonesty, I have got plenty of spending money, and I will engage to buy him twice as many strawberries as his bed would yield, were the season ever so good—and next fall I’ll plant another for him. Have not I said enough now, to remove all your scruples, Julia?’

‘ No,’ she replied—‘ the golden rule is the sa-

test to try all one's actions by. 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' I would sooner have my own dear little strawberry bed spoiled, which father has planted for me, than that poor old John's should be destroyed.'

'You would, would you,' said James, 'we will see how that is—one or the other must be done quick; say which it shall be—will you go with me to old John's, or shall I try my hand on yours?' James said this, not doubting that when reduced to such an alternative, Julia would no longer hesitate to yield—but when he found that she still positively refused, though almost trembling for the fate of her little bed, on which she placed as much value as little girls are apt to place on the things that please them, his pride, of which he had a good deal, would not suffer him to retract. By this time, too, his temper was considerably excited, for though usually good-natured, he was subject to sudden paroxysms of passion, under the influence of which, he was very apt to do, what, a few moments after he would be very sorry for. You perceive that I speak of this infirmity as I would of a disease, and it is because I consider it in that light. So

he easily caught up the spade and proceeded to his work of destruction.

Mary did not utter a word, as anything she could have said to induce James to forbear, he would have interpreted as implying that she had changed her mind; and was willing that, of the two, old John should be the sufferer from the present determination of his mind to mischief; but the tears began to stream from her eyes, when, by every stroke of the spade, as many fair visions were dispelled as floated in the head of the country maid with her milk-pail, just before the milk, which was to lay the foundation of her fortunes, was all spilled upon the ground.

She could not help hoping that James would throw the plants in the alley, so that she could replace them in the bed again; but no! by this time he was quite too much excited not to make his work of destruction thorough as possible, and he did not cease until he had deposited them on a heap of rubbish which was burning in the yard.

He then came back to the spot where Julia had remained standing all this while, his face

red with the exertion he had been making—
‘Are not you sorry, now, that you could not be a little more obliging, Julia?’ said he.

‘I am not sorry that old John’s bed is safe,’ she replied, and then turned and left him.

He was disappointed at her answer; he hoped, at least, to find her very angry, if not sorry for the choice she had made. When he was left alone, and had time to recollect himself a little, he began to feel very much ashamed of his conduct. And at the tea table, though Mary was very sad, you would have said, at once, that her heart was more at ease than his. Her parents were both absent at this time, and I thought it not best to interfere at all in the matter. They had just before set out on a journey, to be absent a month. Julia and James had very little intercourse for some time. I used to walk with Julia, and she almost always chose to go towards old John’s, for the sight of his strawberry bed seemed to afford her great pleasure.

At length the day arrived when we expected her father and mother home. As it drew to a close, the hours seemed very long, and the children were eager and impatient—so I proposed

that we should have the tea-table spread, and see how beautiful and refreshing we could make it look to the weary travellers. ‘Come, Julia,’ said I, ‘you must bring some of your finest flowers to fill a tumbler for the centre, and George must produce some of the famous radishes and peppergrass that he boasts of having raised.’ The tears came into Julia’s eyes—‘O dear,’ said she, ‘what a beautiful saucer of strawberries I might have had for my dear father, but for’——She stopped short; for just then James came into the room; but he had heard the beginning of her sentence, and soon after I saw him stopping a little girl at the gate, and buying some strawberries, which he then brought to me with the request that I would put them on the table.

At length the carriage made its appearance—we all ran to the gate—and in one minute Julia was in her father’s lap, with her arms around her mother’s neck. ‘How d’ye do—how d’ye do?’ was echoed on all sides.

‘Well, but very, very tired,’ was the answer.

‘Well, mother,’ said Julia, ‘tea is ready

for you'—and directly we were all seated around the table, a joyous group.

'Upon my word,' said her father, 'I have not seen such a beautiful tea-table since I went away—Jenny's hot, smoking tea, and fine white rolls—our friend Caroline's elegant sponge cake—Julia's flowers—George's radishes—and these delicious strawberries, too—why, Julia, your bed must have produced beyond your expectations.'

Julia had not observed the strawberries till that moment ; her lips trembled, and she could hardly command her voice to say, 'These did not come from my bed, father.'

Her father perceived that something troubled her ; but, unwilling to mar the pleasures of the tea-table—the social pleasures, I mean—he asked no explanation, and proceeded to talk of something else. After tea, however, he invited her to walk in the garden with him, and then drew from her the whole story of her wrongs. 'But do not, father, say anything to James,' added she, 'for I know he has been sorry enough about it—and it was he, I suppose, that procured the strawberries for the tea-table.'

‘ Well, my daughter,’ said her father, looking very much pleased, ‘ I hope you have never been sorry for your decision.’

‘ O no, father ; I have taken more pleasure in seeing old John’s strawberries than I should from his and mine both, if this had not happened ; only I did feel very bad this afternoon, that I had not any for you.

‘ Well, my darling, this story has been better to me than all the strawberries in the world ; such a good little daughter is enough to make a man happy and rich, if he were poor in everything else.’

You may think how pleased Julia was with her father’s praise ; she came in, looking bright as a sunbeam, and her face glowing with what has been called ‘ the color of virtue,’ for a modest little girl cannot be praised even by her father, without blushing a little.

James all this while, looked rather uneasy, as if in constant expectation of a disclosure, that would bring upon him disgrace and reproof. Nothing was said to him however, and his was too generous a nature, not to be affected by so much goodness and forbearance on the part of Julia.

One morning, in the month of August, Julia's father observed him reading a book, so rare a thing, that he said to him 'what have you there, James? it is a strange sight to see you with book in hand.'

'It is one of your books on gardening, sir,' said he, 'and I assure you I am very much interested in it.'

Soon after this, James asked, one night, if he could have old Rover to ride a few miles before breakfast the next morning.

'Ride before breakfast! you who are never out of your bed until we have all done breakfast; what new character are you going to take next, James?'

'Let me have the horse, sir, and I will show you,' said James laughing. The permission was granted, and when the family were at breakfast, inquiry being made for James some one said he rode away at four o'clock; it was now eight. Soon after this he came running in.

'Now, Julia, will you take a walk in the garden with me?' said he looking very significantly.

Julia went, her father followed, and lo and

behold ! they found the strawberry bed all set with fine plants again.

‘ And is this your doing, James ? You have anticipated me ; I was thinking of doing it myself, soon, but I was at a loss where to get the plants.’

‘ Farmer Smith told me that he would sell me some,’ said James ; ‘ I happened to ask him the other day when he was in the village, because I knew he had a good many ; so I rode there this morning to get them. I have spent the last two hours in setting them ; and now, I hope, Julia will forget all about her old bed.’

‘ That I shall,’ said Julia, ‘ and like this even better than that.’

After this, they were great friends ; James left off his mischievous sports, and became a delightful companion for Julia ; but his favorite amusement, of all others, was, weeding and hoeing the strawberry bed.

So you see Julia was blessed for having suffered persecution, in several ways ; the approbation of her own conscience, the happiness she gave her father, and the effect of her example upon James.’

MARY JONES:

A

LITTLE GIRL WHO LEARNED TO BE

ALWAYS HAPPY AND ALWAYS GOOD,

FROM THE THOUGHT

THAT

GOD WAS NEAR HER.

$$d(u, v) \leq d(u, w) + d(w, v)$$

and the triangle inequality holds.

It is easy to see that the triangle inequality holds.

Q.E.D. 2

MARY JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Mary Jones was about eight years old, and had learned to read very well, so that she could understand all the little books that had been put into her hands. She was obedient to her parents; and had been taught by them to be kind and good humored to all with whom she lived; to treat her brother and sister, who were younger than herself, with constant kindness; to be patient when they disturbed her in her work or her play; obliging when they needed her care and attention; and forgiving when they were not so kind to her as she had been to them. For they were younger than she was; and though their mother was careful to watch over their conduct, and meant to make them amiable and good like Mary, she always told her she must set them the example; for with a bad ex-

ample from her, they could not be taught to be good.

Mary had learned too, how to sew very neatly, and always had her task at her needle to perform at school or at home every forenoon and afternoon; and she took a great deal of pleasure in saying that since she was five years old, her father had never had a pocket handkerchief or cravat hemmed except by herself. He too was pleased that she loved to work for him; and promised her that when she should be ten years old, she should make his shirts.

Mary was a thoughtful little girl; and what she had been taught by her excellent mother, of God and his works, made her often reflect about him. But it was difficult for her to see how so great a being as God, who made the world, and the heavens, the sun, and the moon, and the stars—should take care of *her*; and she was still more surprised to think that all her actions should be noticed by him. Her mother had often told her it was the case; and she knew she was in the habit of asking in her evening prayer for His protection while she slept, and again praying for His care through the day, in

the morning. But Mary never thought of God as looking on her actions and observing all she did, without feeling a little unhappy, and wishing within her own mind, that God would not notice her so. For though Mary was as good a little girl as any other, and a great deal better than some, she knew that she seldom thought of pleasing God in what she did; and she feared that she often offended him. And when she thought of his seeing her always in her play, she could not help feeling sorry that He saw her, for she thought that, to so very high and great a Being, it must seem like a very idle and foolish thing.

As soon as Mary's mother found that she had these feelings, and that the thought of God was not always pleasant to her, she took great pains to show her little girl that God though he was very great, was also very kind, and she told Mary, that she must learn to consider him as her Father. Mary said 'I know he is my Father in Heaven; but that makes him a great way off.' Her mother said, 'If you will do every day as I can direct you, my dear Mary, I think I can soon teach you how you will feel very

happy in the thought of God. And you will think of him with the same pleasure at all times, whether you are at work, or at play,—alone, or in company. And you will find, too, that he is very near, and not a great way off.’

‘What is it that you would have me do, mother? I will try to do as you teach me.’

‘Well, my dear, you may begin tomorrow morning;’ (for she was talking with Mary in her chamber, after she had gone to bed and said her prayers.) ‘Tomorrow morning you must begin to take particular notice, in your own mind, of everything that happens to you. And then try to think if there is not some kind Being, whom you do not see, near, to keep you from danger.’

Mary was surprised that this was all her mother wished her to do; and she said, ‘Why, mother, I am a little girl, and father and you take care of me; and what can happen to me worth thinking of? I go to school, and come home again; and nothing ever happens to me.’

‘How can you say, my dear, that nothing ever happens to you, when you know that you hardly ever come home from school, without

having something to tell me, that you think quite important, either what happens to you, or to some of your companions. And it was only yesterday that you told me of your swing—how it broke down just at the instant little Susan Gray got seated in it. And you yourself remarked, how happy it was, that it did not wait till she had begun to swing; for then she must have been sadly hurt—and as it was she was not hurt at all.’

‘Well, mother,’ said Mary, ‘now I think of it, it does seem as if some kind and good Being was near, that we could not see; or else why should it have come down just then—and no sooner, or latter? for if it had broken a minute sooner, cousin Ann would have been terribly hurt; for she got out of it just as Susan took it. And she swung very high—so that we were frightened and begged her to stop. It was strange that it broke at that very moment, was it not, mother?’

‘It would be strange indeed,’ said her mother, ‘if no kind and affectionate Being were near to overrule everything. Now I think my Mary must see that the thought of God can

never be unpleasant to her, any more when she is at play, than at other times; for she needs his care at all times. And when little girls observe our Saviour's directions, to be kindly affectionate to one another; they need not be sorry to think, that their heavenly Father sees them in their amusements, any more than at any other time.'

Mary saw that her mother was going to leave the chamber, for she had stayed longer than usual, and thought she had said enough to her for that evening; but when she went to kiss her, and bid her good night, Mary said, 'I'm sure I shall love to think of God now; and I shall try to think of him tomorrow a great many times.'

'Do so, my dear,' said her mother, 'and when I come to see you, after you have gone to bed, you must remember and tell me all you have thought of God during the day. But you need not say anything about it to any one else. Keep your thoughts carefully in your own mind, and tell them to me alone.' Then her mother left her, and little Mary was soon asleep.





CHAPTER II.

The hymn which Mary always said the first thing after she awoke in the morning, was the following.

Father—to Thee my praise I pay,
Thy kind and gentle power
Is near to guard me all the day,
And in the midnight hour.

I trusted in thy gracious care
When slumber closed my eyes,
And now to thee my morning prayer
Of thankfulness shall rise.

Teach me to raise my thoughts above,
And then in every hour
My heart shall love thee for thy love,
And fear thee for thy power.

Thy never-failing care bestow
Till all my days are past,
May peace be with me here below,
And heaven be mine at last.

While she was repeating it to herself the next morning, she could not help thinking of all that had passed between her mother and herself the evening before, and she said the hymn over a second time, and wondered that she had never thought more of the kind care which kept her from all harm during the night when everybody was fast asleep, and even her father and mother needed protection as much as she did. As she went on, the swing came into her mind again, and when she said the last verse, she thought that she certainly should not forget again, that God was near her, and took care of her.

She got up full of the thought of watching everything that happened through the day. But her mother had told her not to talk about the thing to any one but herself or her father; and so she said nothing about it to any of the family. After having eaten her breakfast and gone of an errand or two for her mother, she took her little sister Fanny in her hand, and set off for school.

Fanny was a clever little girl of four years old; and this was the first summer that she had gone to school; so that Mary had to take a good

deal of care of her. And as they had to go by the bank of a river, Mrs Jones used to charge Mary not to let go of Fanny's hand, lest she should play by the bank and fall in.

Mary always thought of it as she passed that place; for she loved her little good natured sister; and would have been greatly grieved, to see her hurt in any way. But as she was going to school, this morning I speak of, she saw a gentleman and lady coming towards them in a beautiful chaise, and a little girl about Fanny's age sitting between them on the seat. This little girl looked at them, and pointed to Fanny, and then said something to her parents which Mary could not hear; but she thought that her pretty little sister was the object of the little girl's apparent delight. Mary in her turn was gazing at her, and wondering who they could be, that seemed so happy. The chaise passed them, and just at that instant she felt Fanny's hand pulling very hard on her own; and on looking round found she was falling over the bank; which she had quite forgotten while looking at the gentleman and lady and little girl. She had fallen so far that Mary

could not save her, but she caught hold of her gown, and soon reached over, and by kneeling down was able to put her arm round Fanny's waist, and by pulling very hard got her back just as her bonnet touched the water.

They were both dreadfully frightened, and after Mary had set her little sister on a great stone which lay near, she too began to cry. Just then their father, who had been walking that way and was returning home, came up; and seeing the children in trouble, he asked them what was the matter. He saw something had happened, and taking little Fanny on his knee, he sat down on the stone himself. Then he took Mary by the hand and said, 'what has happened my daughter? Come, clear up and tell me all about it.'

Mary told her father as well as she could, how Fanny had almost fallen into the river. 'But,' said her father, 'she did not *quite* fall into the river; and why should you cry?'

'But I am afraid she is hurt,' said Mary.

Fanny still cried a little; but her father wiped her eyes and said—'Let us see, my little Fanny, are you hurt? Tell us where.'

Fanny was not hurt, but frightened, and by this time it was about over. So she said, 'I do not know where'—but looking down she saw her gown was torn sadly, and she said 'O my gown!' 'But your gown does not cry,' said her father—Here the children laughed; and their father, wiping both their faces with his handkerchief, asked how this accident happened.

Mary told him exactly how it happened; and said she was sure she should never again be so careless of her little sister's safety. Mr Jones then looked at the place where Fanny had fallen; and told her sister she had great cause to be thankful that it was here and not further back; 'for see,' continued he, 'the bank is not steep here; but had she fallen there, your strength could not have been sufficient to pull her back. And besides, you have to thank this friendly stick which caught in her gown; for that was what held her back, till you got your arm round her waist. So, my dear little Fanny, your torn gown has saved your head, and after all there is much more cause to be glad than sorry, as it has turned out, so trot away to school

as fast as your feet can carry you, and think of the river when you come this way again.'

On they went to school quite light-hearted, for their father had cheered them by his kindness; and though Mary felt unhappy whenever she thought that her want of care might have occasioned great distress had Fanny been hurt, yet she was delighted to think how sure she now was of what her mother had told her the evening before—that she was always in the care of her heavenly Father.

She attended to her usual lessons at school, and tried to give her mind to her work and her reading; but she often caught herself thinking over the accident of the morning and as often as she thought of it, she felt as if she could never think of God again without pleasure; since it was He that had been near when she could not see him, and had saved her from such great affliction as she should have had if little Fanny had fallen in a more dangerous place, or if the stick had not kept her from the water till she could save her. And when she looked at the dear little girl while she sat on her bench and seemed

so happy, her eyes filled with tears of joy as she thought that if it had not been for that heavenly Friend, Fanny might have been on a bed of pain at that moment instead of smiling there so pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

At noon, when the children returned from school, Fanny ran to her mother to show the great rent in her gown and to tell her of her fall. Mary was impatient too to let her mother know the worst of her fault; and began telling her that she never should be so careless again—but Mrs Jones stopped her, saying, ‘I’ve heard it all from your father, my dear children. I hope you are both happy that it was no worse; but I cannot stay to talk of it now, for I have company in the parlor to dine. Mary, you may change your sister’s gown and then come in.’

Mary had no opportunity to talk with her mother of the accident of the morning until after she had gone to bed, which was the time that Mrs Jones preferred; for then all was so quiet and peaceful that she thought Mary would be more apt to attend to her instructions than at any other time. And whenever she wished to impress her mind with very important and serious

thoughts she chose that hour. So that it seldom happened that Mary and her mother had not some conversation together after she had said her evening prayers.

The evening I am speaking of, she waited impatiently for her mother, for she longed to talk with her about Fanny's fall. Mrs Jones soon gave her the opportunity; for she too felt impatient to hear what Mary had thought of it. And as soon as she had put Charles and Fanny to bed and heard them say their prayers, she came to Mary, and sitting down by the bedside she said---'Well, my dear Mary, this has been the first day that you ever tried to keep in mind the thought that your heavenly Father was near you. Now tell me has it made you happy or unhappy?'

'O, it has made me happy, mother, very happy ! for only think of dear little Fanny's falling into the river ! Did father tell you all about it ? how if she had fallen in another place I could not have saved her—and about the stick that caught her gown, and so kept her back till I got my arm round her waist ? Was not it strange, mother, that it should all have happened so nicely ?—That when she came so near being

dreadfully hurt, and perhaps drowned—she was not hurt at all ! ’

‘ You do not think it “ strange,” my dear, when your father or I do kind things for you—do you? Why then should it seem strange to you that your heavenly Father should be kind to you? ’

‘ I do not know, mother—but when I think that a Being whom I cannot see, takes such particular care of us, it does seem strange. ’

‘ I know,’ said her mother, ‘ it is not easy for us to realize that any one sees us whom we cannot see. But I think that you, my dear Mary, will not watch all that happens to you many days, without being sure that it is the case. But there is one part of His kind care of you this morning, that I see you have not thought of, my dear child. ’

‘ And what is that, mamma? for I have been thinking all day about His kindness, and what have I forgotten? ’

‘ Why,’ said her mother, do not you think you had more strength than common when you pulled her back? And being greatly frightened as you were, do not you think it strange that

you should have known in the instant exactly how to save her ? ’

‘ Yes indeed, mother, so it is strange—for when I had got her back, I felt so weak, and my hand trembled, and I was so frightened, that I could hardly untie her bonnet.’

‘ And how do you think you came by such uncommon strength, and such presence of mind at the very moment when your sister’s life depended on your saving her ? ’

‘ Mother,’ said Mary, ‘ it must have been, that God was near and gave me the help of his great power ! ’

‘ Yes indeed, my child, that was the friend who is always near you, and who, the Bible says, never forsakes those who put their trust in him. And it is beautifully said, in the Psalms, of our blessed Saviour, that “ God would give his angels charge concerning him, lest at any time he should dash his foot against a stone.” And we may not doubt that he will take the same care of us, if we follow our Saviour in the delightful confidence which he always felt in his Father’s care and love. I have already stayed too long, my daughter, so good night. Remem-

ber this is the first day of your notice of the presence of God. Tomorrow you may not have any great danger to pass through—but I dare say you will find enough of kindness to make you sensible that God is your best friend.'

Mary had already begun to feel sensible that God was her best friend, and she never gave herself to his heavenly protection with half the pleasure that she felt that night.

CHAPTER IV.

I shall not follow my little Mary through every day of her new life, or rather study, I may call it ; for that would take more of my time than I can spare, and make a longer story than I intend. It will be enough if I show her progress and success from time to time, until she became quite happy in thinking of God at all times ; and found it easy to recollect him often every day. Especially when she had any particular pleasure, she could see how it came from Him ; when she was in any danger, she could turn to Him as the friend who would help her ; or when any alarm distressed her, she could recall His presence in a moment ; and that gave her confidence. If she was alone, she often found the thought of God a comfort ; and she had so much pleasure in dwelling on his various kindness to her, and to others that she loved, that it was like a new and agreeable study to her mind—every day it became more easy and delightful. And her mother, delighted at the

interest she showed in it, and her happy progress, never failed to visit her at night and encourage her to go on.

I cannot forbear to relate one little incident that occurred one evening, though I should make my story too long if I were to mention every one which interested Mary in her new pursuits. Fanny did not sleep with Mary; she had been taken care of from her infancy by an excellent girl, and whenever Mary invited her to come and sleep with her she used to say 'No, Mary, I rather sleep with Betsey'—so Mary slept in a trundle-bed in her mother's chamber. It happened one evening that some one was sick down stairs, and Betsey was attending to them till quite late at night. Mrs Jones too was engaged in the same way; and while they were all in another part of the house, Mary heard Fanny cry and call, as if she was frightened. She listened, thinking some one would come up—but no one came. What should she do?—she could not hear her cry so—she might step across the entry to her herself, and take her into her bed. But Mary was one of the most timid little girls in the world, and

above all things she dreaded to take a step in the dark. Still she could not bear to hear Fanny's sobs —she jumped up and went to the door, but before she stepped one foot forward she drew back, for something stood close by Fanny's door --it was not light enough for her to see what it was. 'I cannot go! O how I wish that Betsey or mother would come up. What shall I do?' she exclaimed. Just then the thought of her Heavenly Father came across her mind---'He will not let anything hurt me,' she said to herself---'and going as I am to comfort my poor little sister, too; I wonder I was so long in thinking of Him.' Whatever it is, it cannot have any power to harm me; while God is near me.' By this time she was near the thing that alarmed her, but she slipped into the chamber without looking at it; finding, however, that she had passed it without any danger, she felt new courage, and thought that she would find out what it was when she went back. Poor little Fanny had waked, and finding herself alone was frightened; and as Betsey did not come when she called, she thought she had gone away and left her. Mary found her with

her head under the sheet, her face and hair all wet with tears and perspiration---‘Come, Fanny dear,’ said Mary, ‘come and get into my bed; Betsey is taking care of James down stairs, and is not ready to come to bed yet.’ The little creature was delighted beyond measure to feel her sister’s face close to hers---‘O, I should admire to go and sleep in your bed, Mary---will you lead me?’

‘Yes, darling, come along with sister.’ Mary was now very glad that she did not give way to her foolish fears! ‘How silly it was to be afraid,’ said she to herself, as she passed along, ‘when I know that God always protects me. And now I dare say that is something that has been standing there all day which frightened me so. But I will look as I go back’---She did look---and in a second it all came into her mind---Her mother’s bonnet and shawl hanging over a chair, just where she herself had put them that very afternoon, when sent to carry them to their proper place! ‘Well,’ said she, as she got into bed with little Fanny by her side, ‘mother will say I have been well paid for leaving her things where they ought not to be. But I re-

ally intended to put them away as soon as I had looked the little book through which I had in my hand. I shall remember it, I know, and I shall not do such a thing again, for I was frightened. But I do not believe I can be so weak again as to be afraid to go and do what is right, when I know that the great Lord of Heaven and earth is in every place, beholding the evil and the good, as my mother told me last night. And I hope I shall always remember that when He is pleased with what I do He will give me strength and courage to perform it.'

CHAPTER V.

One Saturday morning, while they were at breakfast, Charles told his mother that he had really been an uncommonly good boy at school all the week, and he expected to bring the medal at noon for being the best boy in school.

‘Then you think you shall bring home the medal, do you, Charles?’ said his father—‘well, I hope you will, my son. And in that case I shall invite you to take a ride with me this afternoon. I am going to the pasture to take some salt to the cattle and sheep. And you may ask your sisters to join us.’

‘That will be charming, Charles, wont it?’ exclaimed Mary and Fanny, as he told them of their father’s intention.

Charles brought home the medal, as he was sure he should, and they were all delighted, for they had not been in a chaise, as Mary said, since last Summer,—and now the trees were all in blossom, and everything looked so beautiful!

Mr Jones had a pleasant farm where he lived, in Exeter. The house was situated at some distance from the road on a rising piece of ground in the midst of his orchard; and a pleasant lane led to it from the road. It was half a mile from the town by the road, but he had made a path across his fields, which made the distance much shorter. And the school which his children attended was between his house and the village---so that they had a pleasant walk to school, and came into the road just by the river which we have mentioned before. The village was in plain sight from Mr Jones's house, and formed one of the most beautiful prospects to be seen. For there were many fine trees scattered through it, and two pretty spires rising just above them from the churches in the place. Then the white houses that were placed among them and looked so neatly, gave the idea of quietness and plenty to all the scene. Mr Jones's place too, was a lovely spot, and looked sweetly from the village. The house stood in the midst of the apple trees---it had a pretty piazza in front, and was painted white, with green blinds. His small farm was left him by his fa-

ther, and he took great pains to improve it, and keep it in order, though his business was in the village, and he spent most of his time there. He seldom had leisure to indulge his children, by taking them to ride, and when he did give them the opportunity they were very happy indeed. And they talked of little else from dinner until three o'clock, which was the time their father fixed for them to be ready. When he drove up to the door at that time he found them all waiting, so he sat Mary and Charles on the seat by him, and took Fanny on his knee, as he said, to help father drive, which she thought she did by holding the end of the reins and calling to the horses to 'get up.'

It was now the pleasant season of the year: the fields looked beautiful and the trees were in blossom. They saw several small houses at a distance in the fields where the children were playing before the doors and enjoying their Saturday afternoon. They saw cattle and lambs feeding on the hills, which were covered with green grass and clover. The smoke that rose from the cottages in the valley lifted up its fleecy curls above the trees, while not a breath of

air disturbed its rising till it gently lost itself on high. Everything was calm and peaceful, and the children's joy was, without their knowing it, increased by the universal gladness which seemed to breathe in every thing around them. Mary was more silent than Charles and Fanny; for the thought of God once becoming familiar to her mind, as a friend, and one to whom she might become attached as to a parent, she was seldom long without thinking of him. To her, every spot she looked upon seemed alive with happiness, as it did to the other children; but the thought that God formed it was also present to her mind; till pleased with tracing His hand in all the beauty and joy around her, she felt His presence everywhere. He seemed to keep the children from danger while they frolicked about fearing no harm. He made the cattle enjoy the green pasture and clear brook. The birds which sung in the branches, and flew in rapid sweep from place to place, seemed to raise their songs to Him who tuned their notes to happiness.

So delightful were these new thoughts to Mary's heart that she could not bear to give them up when they were interrupted, and she did

not speak till she had breathed a silent but sincere and earnest prayer that she might in future think of God oftener, and learn to know him better, and love him more than she had ever done before.

Charles and Fanny chattered so fast during the ride, that Mary's silence was not noticed. Indeed her father had as much as he could attend to, in answering their questions, and in listening to their talk, which amused him very much. When they came to the pasture he took them all out of the chaise, and tied the horse to the fence, while the children crawled under the fence, and were among the pretty white sheep and lambs. Fanny kept a close hold on Mary's hand while they were in the midst of the sheep, for she could not help being a little afraid; but when she saw them lick the salt off from Charles's hand, she began to take courage; and she laughed heartily, when Charles, to show how brave he was, put his arm round the neck of a pretty large lamb, which, in trying to get away from him, pulled him over, and they both rolled on the ground together.

Mr Jones staid long enough to give the chil-

dren a pleasant walk, where they found some pretty flowers to carry to their mother, and then returned, having given them all the delight that their little hearts could desire.

Tea was on the table when they got home; and Charles and Fanny were for once glad to go to bed. Mary sat up longer. She found a visitor had arrived while they were gone; a cousin of hers, about her own age, who had come with her mother to spend a week or two with them. But I shall leave Susan Ray to be introduced to my readers by and by, while I follow Mrs Jones to Mary's chamber, after she had gone to bed.

'Now mother I 'm glad to see you---for I was just trying to think over the pleasant thoughts I had this afternoon, and I longed to tell you what a sweet ride we did have.'

'I came on purpose to hear about it, Mary---what made it so very delightful? you have been to the pasture a great many times before, but never came home with a countenance so very cheerful and happy.'

'Indeed, mother, it was the very happiest ride I ever had in my life, and can't you guess the reason?'

‘Had not you better tell me? Perhaps I should not guess right if I should try.’

‘O, mother, you know you could not guess wrong---for what has made me enjoy everything more, lately, than I used to do?’

‘You told me last night, that you did not look at the simplest flower now, without feeling more pleasure in it, than you used to have in looking at a rose, because you always thought of the hand that made it; and it seemed so loving and kind in God to scatter such beauties all over the earth.’

‘That was just the reason, mother---I knew you could tell. I enjoyed the ride for thinking of God. Everything I saw made me think how good He is! And I could not help wishing that the children who were playing so happily, the little birds, and everything, could only know what a kind Being was taking care of them.’

‘He has given that privilege to none of his creatures but ourselves, my dear child; for he has made none but man in his own image, and capable of knowing him. Then do not you think we ought to try very hard to know and love him?’

‘Yes, mother, and I mean to. I have tried, mother, all this month---and I never could believe it would be so pleasant and so easy to think of God.’

‘I suspect the reason you thought it could not be pleasant, my dear, was that you seldom thought of Him except when you did not do right. And as for its being easy---I am not surprised that you wonder at that---for it would not be easy for us to think of that which we can never see, or hear, or know, except by reflection. But God himself has made it easy in a way that shows his love for us more than anything else.’

‘How is it?’ said Mary.

‘He condescends to help us in all our efforts to know and to love him, by his own Spirit.’

‘But, mother,’ said Mary, ‘I do not know what you mean.’

‘Perhaps I can make you understand---You have no doubt that God is near you, though you do not see him?’

‘No, mother.’

‘Well, you have no doubt that God knows your thoughts?’

‘No, mother.’

‘If God is near you without your seeing him, and knows your thoughts without your telling him---should not you think he might communicate his thoughts to your mind without his speaking to you, or your hearing him?’

‘Yes, mother, I suppose he could, but I did not know that he did so.’

‘My dear, the eye is not necessary to see him, nor the ear to hear him; yet he is near our path to protect our steps, and his spirit is about our hearts to teach us what is good and pleasant in his sight. We are also told in the Bible that there is nothing on which he looks with so much pleasure, as a child who gives its young mind to the knowledge and love of Him. Then, my dear, is it strange that he should make such a study easy by his own teaching? especially when he regards them with the earnest love of a parent?’

‘But why,’ said Mary, ‘should he take more pleasure in seeing a child love Him than any other person?’

‘Because, my dear, the sooner a person begins to love him, the more and better they will love him; and the fewer years they will waste—and the younger a person is, the more innocent

is their heart. If you wish to give a flower to a person whom you loved, would you not rather choose one that had just opened, and was fresh and sweet, than one which had been defaced and soiled by hanging on the bush? Just so it is with offering the heart to God. The earlier it is given, the less it is defaced and soiled by the world. You know, my dear, that Dr Watts says,

‘ A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.’

And she bid Mary good night, praying that her own young heart would open under the influences of the Sun of Righteousness.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day was the Sabbath, and it was always a sweet day at Mr Jones's. All was quiet and peaceful within doors, and everything abroad looked fresh and new.

It seemed as if the birds of the air and the beasts of the field knew that it was God's holy day. One seemed to sing a happier song, and sat long upon the branches without fear of being driven from their sweet abode by the approach of man---the other lay beneath the trees, or stood by the cool brook, glad to rest from the labors of the busy week.

After the children were dressed for meeting, and each had said a hymn to their mother to remind them that the day was one in which no unkind word must be spoken, and all their actions must be peace and love, they were allowed to walk in the orchard near the house until meeting time.

While they were walking to church, Mrs Jones told Mary that she hoped she would attend to what Mr Robinson said, for she had no doubt there would be many things in the

service that would instruct and please her if she would but listen for them. Mary's manners at church that day, proved to her mother that she was not unmindful of her hint--for she observed with pleasure, that Mary was attentive to what was said. The singing always pleased her, but when the hymn beginning 'Lord of the Sabbath' was sung with animation and sweetness, Mary's heart did really join in the service, and she was surprised to find how much more delightful it was when she tried to raise her heart and thoughts to her heavenly Father in the language of that beautiful hymn and by the sweet tune that expressed it, than when she merely listened to the words and the music as she was in the habit of doing. When she rose in prayer time she did not lose the feeling that the hymn had awakened, and though she did not understand all that was said, she felt that it was addressed to God, and she would not offend his holy presence by giving her attention to any other object.

But the chapter from Scripture which Mr Robiason read, the 14th of St John, attracted her whole mind, for it was one where our Sa-

viour spoke of leaving the disciples; and his tenderness and affection seemed very affecting to her. But when he spoke of the spirit of truth which God would send them after he should be taken away---she thought of what her mother had said to her about God's spirit, and she longed to ask her more about it. She listened to the sermon and was soon interested in the affecting picture which Mr Robinson presented to his hearers, of the separation of our Saviour from his followers, and their forlorn condition when he was gone from them. When he ended, Mary was surprised to find how quick the time of service had passed; and when her mother told her it was as long as usual, she could hardly believe it possible; but she was glad she had learned the secret of making meeting time seem short.

As soon as she had a chance she told her mother she wished she would tell her something more about the Spirit, and asked her to explain what was said about it at church that morning.

‘It is a very simple story, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘but one which you will think of

with more and more comfort and delight as you are called to act in life.

‘Our blessed Saviour came into the world to teach mankind the true character of our heavenly Father, and how they should please him. While he was with his disciples, he was very earnest to make them understand what God was, and what were their duties toward him. When he was about to leave them they were very sorrowful, for they knew that when he was gone there would be no one to teach them of heavenly truth. But he told them that it was better for them to part with him, for then God would communicate with them by his own Spirit, and that he would teach them all things concerning himself and their duties, that it was necessary for them to know. This was the messenger who was to keep the knowledge of God in the hearts of men after our Saviour, who had brought it, should have returned to heaven. And this Spirit is near to the hearts of men, as God’s presence is near to all the works which he has made; so that we are aided by this heavenly friend in all our meditations on God, and in all our efforts to please him, though it

is 'in a way that we do not perceive—indeed, my dear, I cannot better explain it than by saying that it is a thought of our heavenly Father meeting with our thought.'

'I understand this, mother. And it is a pleasant thing when one wants to be good and to do right, that there is such a power to help them.'

Mary was quite satisfied and pleased with her mother's explanation, and it ended the instruction of that Sabbath. Where is the little girl that would not like to pass that day in the same manner?

CHAPTER VII.

I have promised to introduce to my young friends the little girl who had come to make Mary a visit; and I hope their patience has not given way while I have kept them waiting. Susan Ray was about Mary's age, and her cousin. But she was an only child: her father died when she was young, and she was more dear to her mother than all the world beside; so that she was an indulged, and what is called a spoiled child. She did not live with other children, and of course had never learned to give up her own inclinations to others, so that when she was with them they had to give up to her to keep peace, and she was never pleased if they did not do everything to amuse her, while she never thought of giving them any pleasure in return.

At breakfast on Monday morning, Mrs Ray said to Mrs Jones, 'you must not think of keeping your children at home from school on Susan's

account, for they will have time enough to play after school hours, and I shall attend to her reading and work at home.' Mrs Jones thought it would be pleasanter to her sister to have the noise of the children out of the way, and so it was agreed that they should go to school as usual.

They hurried home when the time came, and found Susan in the garden, playing with Charles, who had returned from his school earlier than Mary and Fanny. He ran to meet them, as he saw them coming—'Well, Mary, I am glad you have come at last, for I have shown Susan all my things, and she is quite tired of playing with me. - See, she is coming with my new cup and ball; but I can catch it twice as well as she after all, though she is two years older than I.'

'That is only because you play with it a great deal more than she does, and are used to it,' said Mary.

Susan now came up; 'Here,' said she to Charles, 'take your cup and ball—I am sure I never wish to touch it again—it is an ugly thing !'

Poor Charles, whose cup and ball had been given him for being a good boy at school, was sadly grieved, to hear his cousin call it an 'ugly thing,' and with a face just ready to cry, he turned to Mary—'it is not an ugly thing, is it, Mary?'

Susan was really not an ill tempered child, but was so thoughtless of others, and so bent on enjoying her own humors, that she never took any care to save them from unhappiness, or give them pleasure—but when she saw Charles's trouble, she said, 'Well, well, Charlie, I did not mean to say it was really ugly—It is pretty enough I suppose.' Charles was satisfied once more, and they all played peaceably enough till dinner time.

Mary considered Susan as company, and felt bound to try to make her enjoy herself, so that she did not hesitate to comply with her wishes, even when they were disagreeable to herself, as was often the case. Mrs Jones soon saw that it must be so, and urged Mary to have no disputes with Susan, but to give up to her on all occasions, unless she should wish her to do something wrong. Mary's greatest difficulty

was not in giving up to her, herself, but Susan claimed the same from Charles and Fanny, and it was not so easy to make them polite ; so it took all her care, to save them from quarrels. She was daily obliged to promise Charles something which she knew her mother would give him, and tell Fanny she would make something pretty for her, or take her to walk, or please her in some way or other, if they would but give up to Susan, and let her have her own way, and not ask for their play-things, when she had them. And it did really seem as if Susan's chief pleasure in these things was in teasing the children, for the moment they were willing to yield, she cared no more about them.

Susan lived in Portland when she was at home, where she found a great many things to amuse her, and whenever she was tired of one, she flew to another. If she found it dull at home, she would go to her grandfather's ; and there her uncles and aunts were always ready to please her after her own fancy. If she wished to ride or walk---play battledoor or checkers---or anything else, some one of them was ready to join her, so that after the first few days

at her aunt's, she was tired of everything. Poor Mary then began to stay at home from school, and she had a hard task to try to make Susan happy---and after all, she said to her mother, it did no good, for Susan would not be pleased with anything.

‘Do not say it does no good, Mary---I assure you it may be very useful to you, if it is not to Susan.’

‘I am sure I do not see how,’ said Mary, ‘for it only frets me ; and if she would be pleased and happy, how much we might enjoy ourselves, and now neither of us enjoy ourselves.’

‘Still,’ said her mother, ‘it may do you more good, than if you did enjoy yourself.’

‘Now, mother, do tell me how that can be, for I do not know what you mean.’

‘It teaches you how to be disinterested.’

‘I do not know exactly what that is.’

‘It is preferring the gratification of others to our own. And besides, my dear Mary, consider what would be the case now, if you should not give up.’

‘Why, mother, we should quarrel.’

‘ And how would that make you feel ? ’

‘ Very unhappy, mother.’

‘ Well, then it is not such a losing bargain after all, is it? You save yourself the misery of quarrels, and learn a lesson on real disinterestedness. It is easy to practise this virtue to those, who will, in their turn, show it to us ; but when we can treat those in the same way, who are selfish and will not return it, we can be sure that the virtue is real, and such as God will approve. Our Saviour tells us, that we must not confine our kind actions to those who will return them, for there is no virtue in loving those who love us ; wicked people will do that.’

Mary went away quite satisfied with herself, and renewed her efforts to find amusement for her cousin. She thought she succeeded rather better than she had done before ; and when she went to bed she told her mother so, and asked her ‘ if she supposed Susan knew how much trouble she gave others to please her ? ’

‘ It is not likely she ever thinks of it,’ she replied.

‘ How strange,’ said Mary, ‘ I should think it

would make her quite unhappy to think that God saw it.'

'Indeed it would, my dear, and I doubt not that she would cure herself of this selfishness if she remembered the presence of Him who loves to see all his creatures happy.'

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day Mary set herself to her usual business, for business it had become, of finding Susan some new pleasure. She asked her mother if she could not send them with some message to somebody, just to give them a walk.

‘O yes--the very thing,’ said her kind mother, ‘I wish to send a basket of nice things to old Mrs Turner, and if you would like you may go and carry it.’ They had a pleasant walk, for the old lady lived a mile from Mrs Jones’s; most of the way was shady, and it was a sweet morning.

They found her sitting by the window of her little abode, knitting, while her daughter who lived with and took care of her, was busy about her housework. ‘Well,’ said the old lady, after looking into the basket, and handing it to her daughter, ‘It is very good of your mother, my child, to send me these things.’

‘And they have come just at the right time,’

said her daughter Betsey, as she took them out ; ‘ for mother’s appetite has been but poorly for several days, and I was telling her this morning that a little bacon would be mighty good for her.’

‘ And cannot you have such things always when you want them ? ’ said Mary.

‘ Generally, my child ; I do not want long for anything I need, my friends are all so good to me. The Lord deals very kindly with me, and I may say never forsakes me. He puts it in the hearts of those who have more than they need to remember my necessities, and I am never left, as I may say, to want.’

‘ Not to real want, to be sure,’ said Betsey, who would sometimes complain, ‘ but we are in straights, many is the time, and I often worry to think what may come next.’

‘ I know you do, Betsey, but when you are carried comfortably through your days, as you have been thus far, you will look back and wonder that you could ever distrust the Shepherd of Israel. He has ever blessed our basket and our store, and caused us to dwell in safety when seemingly there was none to help us.

And if you had seen the times that I have, Betsey, you would know that there are worse straights than any we meet with. I have seen the day when I no more knew what it was to want for food and raiment, than do these children now. I had enough and to spare, and yet my spirit was sick within me. I waited for the morning with troubled thoughts, and for the evening with watchful and anxious suspense. But God has brought me out of these and many other troubles, and made my old age comfortable and happy by his continual care and presence.'

Here Susan looked around the room and again at the old lady, and wondered what it was that made her more unhappy than her present poverty ; and she ventured to ask her if she was sick and expected to die, that made her so unhappy.

' O no, my child—I thought I should be glad to die. It was the sinful course of my only son; he gave me a heavy heart for many years, but repented at last, and I had comfort in him before he died, poor soul !'

Encouraged by the old lady's telling them so

much, their next desire was to know how she became so poor, and they asked her if she had always lived in that house.

‘O no,’ said the kind old lady, ‘my husband was well-to-do in the world, and had a profitable trade, and my father left me, who was his only child, a nice place when he died, where we lived in very comfortable circumstances; and until my son took to his evil ways, I may say, we were quite happy.

‘One night when my husband was away from home, and no one in the house but Betsey and myself, and she sick---she was then ten years old---my other children were mercifully away from home, one was gone with her father and the other went that night to stay with one of her mates---But as I was telling, at midnight I was waked by a great crash at the door, and one of my neighbors calling to me to run for my life, for my house was on fire---be quick, says he, and do not stay to put on your clothes, or you will never get out. I do not know how it was---I was always timorsome, but his dreadful words only seemed to give me courage, for I wrapped Betsey in the blanket and took her in

my arms, and pushed through the smoke which almost choked me, never stopping for a rag of clothes myself, and it was well I did not, for the flames seemed to follow my steps, and I believe had I stayed in the house a minute longer, I never should have got out, sure enough. The neighbors tried to put out the fire, but it was too late; it burned to the ground, and all that was in the house was consumed. Everybody was kind to us. They fed and clothed us; and my husband, by the sale of our land and his work, was able to buy this little cottage, which to be sure was better then than it is now, and while he lived we continued to have a clever support; but since his death, my small earnings from knitting, and Betsey's work, and the trifle that my two daughters who are married, and settled at a distance, sometimes send me, a gown or the like---would not keep me from want if our friends were not good to us as they are. God, who gave me presence of mind and power to escape from the flames with my child at the very moment of destruction, has not forsaken me since; nor have I ever forgotten his care at that perilous hour. For whatever have been

my fears or troubles since, and they have been many, I have never felt alone or disheartened. I have always in him a very present help in time of need. Yes, I have said it, and I may say it again---He has never forsaken me.' And wiping from her eyes the tears which this recollection of all his goodness seemed to bring there, she took each of the children's hands in her own, and said---' My dear children, you are not too young to feel that your Maker is your best friend---and you may learn from an old woman like me, that those who trust to his friendship, and his care, will find him near in fears to give them courage, in danger to protect them, and in happiness to keep their hearts from sorrow.'

Both of the children listened to her with great interest, her manner was so affectionate and earnest; and Mary was delighted to see that though she was so poor and had seen so many troubles, she still seemed to enjoy great happiness, only from thinking of God and making him her friend. But she could not help thinking that it was a little strange that when most of her troubles were sent by God, she should continue to love him and think of him with so much

pleasure. And she determined to ask her mother about it.

As they walked home they talked about the old lady. 'How many troubles she must have had,' said Mary; 'her son's dying after he had become good, just as he might have been a help to her—and her husband too, who I should think must have been a very good man---and then their house being burned; the place too, which her father left her, where I suppose she lived when she was a little girl.'

'And only think,' said Susan, 'to hear her talk of her 'comfortable' old age. I looked round and thought it was anything but comfort. There were on her shelves, just three or four tea-cups and saucers; six plates, every one of them different, and each mended with putty; one blue tea-pot with a white lid; and a little black one not bigger than a good sized apple. Then half a dozen odd things set about, and that was all. Then there was one table, and four chairs, all odd ones, and a bed. To be sure everything looked neat and tidy, but I should not call it comfortable, I'm sure. For my part, it is strange to me that she can be so

happy.' Mary said nothing in reply to this observation, for it was not so strange to her that she could be happy, for she had learned something of the happiness which arises from love to our Heavenly Father, though she had never before supposed, that those who were very poor and afflicted, could be really happy even with that.

Mary told her mother all that had passed with Mrs Turner: 'and should you believe it, mother? she seems to love God just as well as if he had never given her any troubles to bear. Don't you think that is strange, mother?'

'No, dear, I do not think it strange, because I know that when God afflicts his children, he makes them see that it is for their own good. The Bible says, 'whom he loveth he chasteneth,' and you do not suppose that when he brings affliction on any one to make them better, he leaves them without consolations.'

'How can he console them, mother?'

'By his Spirit, my dear; when any one meets with a great loss that nothing in the world can make up, and they feel as if something had been removed from them which was

so necessary to their happiness that they can hardly live in the world without it—they naturally turn to God, knowing that it is he who has afflicted them. And then he shows to their mind how he is indeed their Father; and how he pitieth them as a father pitieth his children.’ He reminds them by his Spirit of all the comforting promises of the Bible. He seems to say to their sorrowing heart, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest’—‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee’—‘I will give thee the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ This very intercourse with God gives them a peace of mind which is more delightful than anything the world could give. So instead of loving him less for such afflictions, they love him more. And so it is with this old lady. Every trouble she has met with has made her more intimate with her heavenly Father, till she has found that his favor is more precious than all the possessions of life.’

Mary was thoughtful a few moments, and then said, ‘Mother, if you were to lose our sweet little Fanny, do you think you should love God better after that than you do now?’

‘ My dear Mary, I once had a sweet little Fanny, who had she lived, would now be three years older than you. When she died I had no other child, and you can imagine what a dreadful loss it was to your father and me!’

‘ Why, mother!’ said Mary, ‘ I did not know that you had a little girl before me.’

‘ No I never felt like talking about it, and should not now, but for your question, which I could best answer by telling you that until that darling was taken from me, I never loved God as a child should love a father.’

‘ And could you then, mother?’

‘ I knew that He had taken her away, and so I went to him, praying that he would comfort my wretched heart. Then I thought that my child was not more mine than his—that he gave her to me---that he had permitted me to enjoy the lovely gift for a delightful season, watching over her himself, and keeping her from sickness and from harm. And now that he had seen fit to remove her to his own home, was it for me to repine? He had taken her from a wicked world while she was innocent, and her sweet spirit would live in Heaven,

where it could know no sin, or unhappiness. She would go on from one perfection to another---and grow in the knowledge of every beautiful work of God. And then at last I should meet her again in that world, never to part any more, if I followed my Saviour's directions in this. Then, my dear Mary, don't you think that, grieved as I was to live without this light of my eyes and joy of my heart---I had enough to reconcile me to her removal, and could think of her dwelling with our heavenly Father with pleasure?

‘O, yes, mother, it seems, now that you have told me this, that I shall love to think of Heaven more than I used to---now that I have a sister there---and I am sure I shall not love God any the less for taking her to live with him. Though I hope he will let dear little Fanny live with us, mother---do not you?’

‘Certainly, my dear,---we should hope and pray for the lives of those we love; for though God reconciles us when he takes them away, he does not require us to give up the blessings he bestows on us, until he calls for them.’

CHAPTER IX.

Susan's visit had arrived to the day but one of her departure. And when Mary thought of it in the morning, she could not help feeling sorry that she was going away so soon, and she was ready to overlook all the little causes of discontent that Susan had occasioned her, and wished she had thought less of them than she had done. But she determined she would forget all on that day, and see how much pleasure she could give her.

Susan too, was more in the humor of being pleased than she had been; perhaps from the thought of so soon leaving her kind cousins. And it may be that she began to suspect that her own manners had not been so kind to Mary, or to the other children, as, at the moment of parting, she wished they had been.

Most of the morning was taken up by the two cousins in rambling about the fields and woods near Mr Jones's house. Susan urged Mary to

come to Portland and return her visit ; and told her of the delights she would find there—How she should go with her to her grandfather's ; where she said she was often allowed to have little parties—one of her aunts played for them to dance—and then her grandmother gave them such a delightful treat ! She could ride about too, and go to the shops ; and find a hundred new things every day—which is so pleasant, you know, Mary, when one gets tired of staying at home.' Mary confessed she did not know what it was to get tired of staying at home, and said she never had such things to amuse her as Susan spoke of, so she supposed she could be happy without them ; but she should be delighted to see them, and be in Portland for a while, though everything would be so new to her that she should seem very awkward, she did not doubt. And she said her mother had promised to take her there when she could feel confidence enough in her to be willing to trust her with her own behaviour.

Mary thought Susan had never been so agreeable as she was that morning, and she began to think she should like to visit her. She

hoped too, that she would come to Exeter again, and really felt sorry that she was going away.

They returned to the house in great good humor, and Susan did, for once, play pleasantly with Charles and Fanny for some time, much to their surprise, and more to their delight, and they often looked up in her face, to be sure that it was she, and not Mary.

But all this delightful harmony was not to continue to the end of the visit. And I am sorry, after such a morning, to have a very different afternoon to describe.

I dare say many of my little friends will wish I would stop here, if I cannot say the day was finished as it was begun. But I must tell them that when the good nature of a little girl depends entirely on the humor of the moment, and she cannot be pleasant for the sake of making others happy, and because it is her duty, we can never be certain that it will last long, for the first thing that interferes with her pleasures will cast a cloud over her good nature, and the morning which saw a shining countenance will not pass away so soon as that countenance will

be changed to angry frowns and discontent.

And our friend Mary too---I am grieved to have anything to say of her that is worthy of blame; but good and amiable as Mary was, I hope none of those who read her history will suppose she could not do wrong. I never saw a little girl that had no faults, and though I have not, in this story, had occasion to mention Mary's faults—and though I really think she had as few as any little girl I ever was acquainted with; yet I must now record an instance of sudden resentment, such as she was seldom, if ever guilty of before, and I think I may certainly say such as she never again gave way to in the whole course of her life.

It happened that Charles's good natured heart was quite overcome by the change in Susan's temper towards himself and Fanny, while they were at home at noon, and as he walked to school in the afternoon with his father, he said, 'I'm sorry Susan's going away tomorrow, an't you, father?'

His father, who had not thought her visit had been very delightful to Charles, was surprised at this, and asked him why he was sorry.

‘Why, she played so pleasantly with Fan and me today, that I really liked her—and I think if she should stay a week longer, she would get to be something like Mary, father—don’t you?’

‘Perhaps so---but what do you mean to do about it Charles? She cannot stay, you know, for her mother has determined to go tomorrow morning.’

‘I know that, but I can’t help being sorry. It seems to me I should like to give her something before she goes.’

‘Well---why don’t you give her something, if you wish to?’

‘Why the reason is, father, I’ve nothing to give—only my cup and ball---and I should hate to part with that---but I would though if she liked it; but then she once called it an ugly thing, ---so I shall not give her that.’

Mr Jones was always glad to see any disposition to generosity in his children, and though he could not afford to make presents to people richer than himself, he never could discourage any wish which his children expressed, to give away, when he did not disapprove the object.

And in this instance he felt a wish to gratify Charles. So he told him if his heart was set on making his cousin a present, and he really thought the cup and ball would not do, he might come to his store after school, and if he could find anything in the street that would do, he would get it for him. Charles was delighted, and we shall not find a little boy of his age, who would not forgive him, if he was not quite so attentive at his school that afternoon as usual, and thought more of his present than his lessons.

CHAPTER X.

Mr Jones had found his promise to Charles, less easily fulfilled than he expected; for he looked long in vain at the stores of the village for something that might please the young lady. She had so long been in the habit of having her wishes gratified to their extent, and even pampered, that it was not probable she would be pleased by anything that Exeter would afford. But he at last found a kaleidoscope. It was the first he had ever seen, and really a very handsome one.

Charles looked at the outside with delight---but when his father told him to put his eye to the little round glass in the end while he moved it round, and he saw all the beautiful and brilliant changes, resembling the gayest flowers, at the other;---he could contain himself no longer, ---he clapped his hands, and danced about for joy.

All the way home Charles was contriving

how he could surprise Susan with such an elegant present. At last he thought he would cover it with his handkerchief, and tell her there was a roll of something for her---but at the same time he would appear as if it was nothing very handsome. So with the matter all fixed in his own mind, he hurried in, and finding that the girls were up stairs with another little girl of Mary's acquaintance, he ran up to the room, and the moment he opened the door exclaimed, 'Susan---Susan Ray, I've'---here he stopped---for Susan was playing checkers with the little girl I have mentioned, and as he spoke she looked at him with angry impatience and checked his words.

Now Susan had been twice beat, which was enough to sour her---for her uncles and aunts always let Susan beat;---she was engaged in the third game, and had just thought the luck was coming to her---that is, if her partner would only move quick, before she happened to see the place which she had left open where Susan could jump---she did not see it, and was just moving somewhere else as Charles diverted their attention and stopped Miss Green's hand.

Susan was vexed at the delay, and gave him a look to stop; this gave Miss Green time to see the jumping place; and just as she moved the man away, and thus destroyed Susan's hope of a jump, Charles came up with the roll---poor fellow! he had not got the words half out of his mouth when she angrily struck the roll from his hands, saying, 'do get out of the way---spoiling our game!!---away went the present, bang into the chimney corner---and its utter ruin was the consequence.

Charles's disappointment, grief, and anger were greater than he could bear, but he was more angry than anything else, and flying at Susan he would have struck her, but she, ready for the battle, caught both his hands in hers, and held them tight; this made him still more angry, and he attempted a kick---but Susan was stronger than he, and quite as angry, and putting out her own foot, she tripped him up, and he fell flat upon the floor with a great noise.

Mary looked on the affray with increasing anger, and when she saw Charles fall in this way she could refrain no longer, and stepping

up, she gave Susan a blow on the cheek, which made her cry with pain.

All this passed in much less time than I have been telling it, so that when Mrs Jones and Mrs Ray got to the room, where they hastened on hearing the noise, it was all over---a look convinced them that the three had been engaged in the quarrel, and without asking any questions, they sent each to their own chamber to remain alone till their mothers should see fit to visit them. Eliza Green was a witness of the whole affair, and from her the mothers received a fair account. And Mr Jones, who soon after returned, finished the explanation, by telling them all about Charles's intended present.

Mrs Ray was grieved to see the share of blame which fell to Susan; and indulgent as she was to her faults, she now felt that she had to correct a very selfish and passionate disposition. I shall not pretend to say what passed between them in her chamber, but it is certain that Mrs Ray found her daughter sullen and cross, but left her ashamed and sorry for her fault.

When Mrs Jones visited Charles, who was really most innocent and most injured of the party, she found him at the window watching the pigeons on the roof of the barn. He had got through with a hearty crying, and now only wished for permission to go down stairs; which he begged as soon as he saw his mother; saying, he thought it was too bad to keep him up there, when he was not to blame in the least.

‘That Susan! I wonder how I could ever think of liking her—but she is going away to-morrow, and I am glad of that. I hope she will never come into this house again. O that elegant thing! to dash it in pieces so!’ And Charles’s anger began to rise again as he thought of his defeated purpose.

‘Stop, stop, my child,’ said his mother; ‘is this passion going to mend the ‘elegant thing,’ as you call it? or will it do any good to rail about Susan? I dare say she is sufficiently ashamed of her conduct by this time, and laments it as much as you do.’

‘Do you really suppose she is sorry for

it, mother? If I thought she was, I should not care so much about it.'

'I have no doubt she is sorry for it, and it seems to me, Charles, you have something to be sorry for. Do you think your hands and feet were given you to strike and to kick?'

'I did not hit her, mother—and if I had, she threw me on the floor.'

'I am not speaking of what she did; that is her affair.'

'Well, mother, I was angry, and who would not be?'

'And supposing you were angry; do not you think your feet would have served you as well, had you employed them to leave the room?'

'Why yes, mother; but how could I think of it?'

'Perhaps you could not, just then; but suppose such a thing to happen again; do not you think you could remember, and if you are tempted by your anger to return evil for evil, you could leave the spot before you do anything to be ashamed of?'

'I rather think I could, if I ought too.'

‘Ought too! Charles, do not you know that it is one of the very wickedest things in the world to return evil for evil? and that your being angry is no excuse for it? For if you are ever so angry you can run out of the room.’

‘Well, mother, I will try the next time, certainly. And now may not I go down stairs; for there is father in the garden, and I want to go.’

‘You may go, child,’ said his mother; and in another moment his father was trying to cheer him up under his disappointment; and the good natured little fellow was soon disposed to forget it, in some other pursuit.

Mrs Jones’s next visit was to Mary. She found her sitting on a trunk, looking as unhappy as possible. As soon as she saw her mother, she flew up to her, and throwing her arms round her neck, she cried as if her heart would break. When she could speak she said, ‘I never was so unhappy in my life. I do not know what to do. I am sorry I struck Susan, but I could not bear to see her treat Charles so. I have tried to ask God to forgive me; but I cannot take any pleasure in thinking of his presence. I cannot bear to think he saw what we did. O mo-

ther, I feel as if I never should be happy again.' And again she burst into tears, as bitterly as at first.

'It is well you are sorry for your fault, my dear child,' said her mother, as soon as Mary began to be composed. 'But if you would have your peace of mind restored, and return to your heavenly Father with pleasure, you must do more than be sorry. Our Saviour has taught us how to return to him in such a case as yours, my dear Mary. He says, 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' Or, to explain it, my dear, do not attempt to pray to God until you have been to your cousin and confessed your sorrow for your fault, and made a reconciliation with her. Do not leave her until you have become friends. Then you will feel confidence in coming to your heavenly Friend and Father, and then I can assure you, you will not find his presence painful to you.'

Mary did not like to ask Susan's pardon.

She was truly sorry for her fault; she was ashamed to think of it, and would have given anything in the world if she could but take back the blow she had given. But then Susan had been to blame. She had treated Charles shamefully, and she could not think of her disappointing him so, and then think of asking her pardon for her own fault, without hanging back.

Mrs Jones observed in her downcast looks her unwillingness to go, and readily guessed the cause. ‘But, mother, said Mary, do not you think that Susan was more to blame than I was?’

‘Perhaps she was; but that is nothing to you. Susan has her own fault to settle with her heavenly Father; and if it is greater than yours, she is the more to be pitied. You see your own is sufficiently great to make you unhappy in his presence, and I have told you the only way of making your peace with him. If you are not willing to follow the plain direction which our Saviour has kindly given us, I do not know of any other way, my dear, by which you can be happy again.’ Think but one moment of laying your head on your pillow tonight without being able to ask God’s forgiveness and blessing, be-

cause you are not willing to come to him in his appointed way.'

'O mother, say no more; I will go to Susan this very moment, and make up with her, I am sure I will; and I will ask her to forgive me; and I will forgive her, I am sure I will.'

With this she flew to Susan's chamber—
'Susan,' said she, 'I have come to ask you to make up with me. I am sorry I struck you,—are you willing to forgive me?' This was more than Susan expected. She was deeply ashamed of her own conduct; and when she heard Mary ask her forgiveness, she felt more sorry for it than she had done before; so much so, that she cried, and told Mary that if she could forgive her she should be glad, for she was most to blame; and she was sure she would never think of her striking her again. Mary was delighted, and putting her arms round Susan's neck, they kissed each other, and were friends.

'O, said Mrs Jones,' who sat within hearing, 'how beautiful are our Saviour's rules of action, when practised by children! How suited to the day-spring of their lives! Well has he said, 'suffer them to come unto me!'

Here Mary came back with a light heart and altered countenance. Susan too, looked subdued and gentle, as she came before her aunt, who took them to her side, and said, 'my dear children, let this afternoon teach you both to practise through life a beautiful and solemn exhortation of scripture. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' or anger. Had you left this making-up till morning, your hearts would have been hardened towards each other, and perhaps for your whole lives you would not have been cordial friends.' Kissing them she bade them wash from their faces the signs of what had passed, and to prepare to appear at tea with good humor and affection.

She then left them; and seeing Mrs Ray in the garden with little Fanny, she joined them there, and told her sister what had passed up stairs. I do suspect that Susan's mother had never felt so much satisfaction with this indulged daughter of hers, as on hearing of this symptom of correct feeling: but still she did not dare to urge it too far, and though she thought that some concession was due from her to Charles,

she was anxious that peace might be restored without it.

Mrs Jones knew quite as well as her sister, that no such thing was to be expected from Susan, and she went to prepare Charles to meet his cousin pleasantly when she came down to tea. 'Charles, my dear, this thing must be forgotten, and when you meet Susan I hope you will try to treat her as if nothing had happened.'

'Why mother, I am willing to treat her well, but as to forgetting it, that I cannot do.'

'Well, well, my son, think as little of it as you can,' said his mother, 'and when you are with her try to think of something else.'

'I am willing to try,' said Charles, 'but I guess that seeing her will make me think more of that than I did before.'

'If you must think of that, Charles, and nothing else,' said his mother, 'I hope you will take care to remember your own part in the quarrel, and then perhaps you will not be quite so unwilling to turn your thoughts.'

When the children appeared at tea, Susan and Charles showed by their side glances and silence toward each other, that they did not feel

quite easy; but the reconciliation between the girls was so entire, that so far from constraint, they seemed more kind and affectionate than usual.

CHAPTER XI.

After Mary had bid good night, Mrs Jones soon followed her to her chamber, for she was anxious that the events of the afternoon should make a strong impression on her heart, and teach her an important lesson.

‘You recollect, my dear Mary,’ said she, ‘that it was in the spring I first asked you to think of God’s presence at all times, and to see if it ever gave you anything but pleasure. Since that, you have not omitted one evening to tell me your thoughts, and in no instance, until to-day, have you been sorry that he was near you. You have often told me that it made you happier than you ever were before. Today you could not bear to think that he had been present, and why, Mary?’

‘Because, mother, I was ashamed to have him see our quarrel.’

‘Just so, my dear; you knew it would displease him. Now, Mary, this is what I wish you to lay to heart. Your own experience has

taught it you, therefore you know it to be true, that there is nothing but our own guilt that can make us unhappy in the presence of God. Try to do what you know will be pleasing in his sight, and his smile will gladden your heart,—His spirit will enlighten your path,—His presence will give you peace and joy. Do the things which he is displeased with, and his frown settles on your heart, making all thought of him dark and unlovely. You fly from him, and hope he does not think of you.'

'O mother, I hope I shall never wish that God would not think of me! What would become of me?'

'And yet did you not wish he would turn away his eye from you this afternoon, Mary?'

'I am afraid I did. But after I had made up with Susan, I was glad to come to my heavenly Father, and when I asked his forgiveness, it was easy, and I felt happier.'

'Thank your Saviour for that, my child, and rejoice that he has taught us the way to return to the favor of God when we have offended him.'

'Then our Saviour knew, mother, that if we felt unkindly to any of our fellow beings, we could not pray to God with satisfaction.'

‘Yes, my dear, and also that God would not like to hear us if we did. Our Saviour knew everything that concerned us in relation to God, and has given us every instruction that can enable us to please him.’

‘Mother, I should like to know what those instructions are, if you think I am old enough to understand them ; for I should hate to feel about God’s seeing me, as I did this afternoon.’

‘Cherish this feeling, my child, and if you have the least wish at any time, to hide yourself from him, or that he would turn from you, do not rest till you have found the way to return to him, and be happy.’

I have now told you, my young friends, all of Mary’s story that I have time to write at present. It is only a few months that I have made you acquainted with ; but these were the most important of her life, since she learned in this time such a habit of thinking herself in the presence of God, that she seldom did anything without having the thought of him cross her mind. You will readily suppose that this often prevented her from doing wrong, and encouraged her in doing right. And when she did wrong, she

could never rest easy till she had been to her mother and learned the way to please him again.

She found the kind directions of our Saviour were always the very thing to restore her to his favor. And from this time Mary began to form a character which grew lovelier and lovelier, every day.

I hope I shall find leisure to describe her course, and to tell you how she learned to think of pleasing her heavenly Father, even in little things, just as good children think of pleasing their earthly parents. And why has God taken pains to tell us that he sees our most trifling actions, and notices our smallest thoughts, if it is not that in those thoughts and actions, we should think of him ; and thus learn to make them good and holy.

I know that every child would wish to follow her example, if they could but know how many kind things she found ways to do, that most little girls never think of. How particular she was in the most trifling duties ; how cheerfully she resigned her wishes, to gratify others ; and how much happiness and contentment she spread about her, wherever she went.

Yes, I feel as if they would long to give their hearts, as she did, to wisdom's ways, for they would see how true she found it, that 'all her ways were pleasantness, and all her paths were peace.'

Wm. H. R.
and
Mary
Ellen
R.

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